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WHAT THE BREAKERS SANG TO ME.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

This the burden of the breakers
As upon the beach they shiver,
Wild sea-birds that have flown hither
Glad to fold their fleecy pinions.
This the wierd and solemn anthem
Played in God's supreme cathedral—
By the blue sky domed, and closely
Walled in with the dim horizon—
On the sea, that mighty organ,
With the winds for stops, the tempest
For its thundering diapason,
This the burden that they sang me:

"Man, who for a space endureth,
Fed with wild and wayward fancies;
Man, whom every Siren lureth
With her feeble necromancies;
Mock me not with idle laughter,
Thou, so weak and evanescent,
I, the Past and the Hereafter,
Put to scorn thy fleeting Present.

"Weak in all thy pomp and power,
Hoping, dreaming, praying, sinning,
Creature of a shining hour,
Know I am from the beginning;
Who shall limit my dominions,
Chain me down to time or distance?
Lo! the vast spread of my pinions
Sweeps the borders of existence.

"Ere man came—Time's crowning wonder
This, my wave, that throbs and rages,
At God's feet was hurled in thunder
On the wild strand of the ages.
Still I sing my dirge, unweary;
O'er lost hopes once loved and cherished
I shall chant the Miserere
When the race of man has perished."

Thus the ocean, white and eager,
Breaking on its beach in triumph,
Drawing back in lamentation
From its dim and foamy limit,
Sang to me in Runic thunder;
While above me lapsed the summer,
While around the wet sands glistened,
And the sunbeams, like a glory,
Lit the long line of the Breakers.

THROUGH FORBIDDEN PATHS.

By CLIO STANLEY.

Author of "Faithful Margaret," "Shadows of a Ghost," "And Then," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER V.

BRIGHT HOPES CLOUDED.

It was a quiet, lovely morning, and there was no one in sight in the halls or on the piazza when Phyllis Hawthorne came down stairs and went into her mother's room.

Felicie's cousin, Gustave Feder, had come the night before, and he was probably walking somewhere in the grounds with Felicie. Her father had shut himself up in the library with his accounts, which seemed to be giving him a good deal of trouble, and Phyllis was free to spend the morning as she pleased.

She had a letter from her lover in her pocket, and she meant to talk it over with her mother.

She made a pretty picture as she walked down the long hall, the bright morning light falling over her hair and face and dress.

Her face was not by any means a beautiful face, but there was a subtle grace and charm about her which, even in her petulant moods, raised her far above the level of merely pretty women.

Gustave Feder, pausing under the shadow of the arched doorway, with Felicie's hand on his arm, turned his eyes from one face to the other, and hesitated as to which of them made the prettier picture.

Phyllis' figure was absolutely girlish in its slightness, but there was a grace in her most careless motion.

Her face was paler than usual, and her beautiful black hair, falling in shining, glistening waves about her shoulders, was tied back with a broad scarlet ribbon, one end of which, blown about by the soft breeze that went rollicking through the hall, kissed her cheek and left a shadow of color there. But for that her face would have been colorless.

The plain white dress—a kind which she always wore in the bright summer mornings—was finished at the neck and wrists with delicate ruffles of embroidery, and she wore no ornament except a slender chain of gold holding a small cross.

It had been a present from her father on her last birthday.

"And that is the pretty daughter?"

"Yes—if you call her pretty," Felicie said, in answer to her cousin's abrupt question.

"Not so pretty as you are, my dear. She wants color and life and passion in her eyes. Is she fond of her mother?" he asked, with a searching glance at his companion.

A shiver ran over her at the question.

"Why do you ask me that?" she asked, angrily. "What have I to do with her likes or her dislikes?"

"And her father, M'sieu Hawthorne? Is he quite indifferent, too?"

For one single moment Felicie forgot her usual caution, but she happened to look up as she was about to answer his question, and the thought she read there made her cautious.

"I told you," she said, sharply, "that Mr. Hawthorne is tired of his wife, that he never loved her, but married her for the fortune which he will add to his own the day she dies. He will not let pity for his daughter's white face stand in his way."

"And you, my dear? He has much confidence in your discretion, has he not?"

"Did he not save poor papa from beggary once! It is five years ago, but I never forget it. Of course he can depend on me, Gustave."

"And you depend on me?" was his quick reply.

"I have nothing to do with it," she said, catching her breath. "Mr. Hawthorne knows you are a villain, Gustave—he knew that five years ago—and he offers you ten thousand dollars to put his wife out of his way. I am sure you will be well paid for a moment's work."

"Is it that you call it, a moment's work? But what pays me, then, for the haunting shadow of the dreadful dead eyes, and the stare of the white face in the coffin? for the ghost that stands by me in the dark night, and the white death-robe that brushes me? Can you tell me that, Felicie?"

He had spoken so swiftly that she could not utter a word to stop him.

"How dare you say these things to me!" she said, at length. "If you were afraid to do it, why did you not say so at once?"

"I afraid!" he said, scornfully. "No! Gustave is not afraid of anything. But you are afraid, and I mean you shall have your share of the trouble."

She shuddered inwardly, but looked him steadily in the face.

His eyes were cruel enough, but there was a gleam of passion in them that appalled her.

"There! Do not have fear of me, my dear. I was only trying you to see how brave you are. You are to be my wife, Felicie, and I would not have a poor, weak wife scared at her own shadow."

"Then leave me, Gustave, for I confess I am a coward. I am frightened at my own footfall sometimes."

"You will be soon cured of that, my dear. Wait till we are safe in merry Paris, and you shall find not time to be *triste*."

While this conversation was taking place, Phyllis had disappeared in her mother's room and shut the door behind her.

"What is it, my darling?" said her mother, making room for her on the lounge where she was sitting; "you look sad and weary, and you are young, and should look happy."

"Yes, dear mother, I ought to be happy, while I have you and—and Darley. See! I have another letter from him this morning, in which he promises to come again very soon. And, mother—he wants to be married in October."

"He would say to-morrow, if he dared, my darling; but I think he must be satisfied to wait until Christmas. I am not feeling nearly as well, dear, and I should hate to have you leave me."

"I will not leave you, mother, until you are quite well, and I will write and tell Darley the reason. I hope Felicie will get married or do something to find another home for herself before I go. I am sure, mother, you could not endure to have her here."

"I am afraid your father has promised that she shall stay as long as she wishes, Phyllis. You know her father made Mr. Hawthorne her guardian?"

"Yes," said Phyllis, doubtfully. "Though I can't see why she needs a guardian. She is old enough to take care of herself; and if she isn't, why cannot she go home with that dreadful cousin of hers?"

"She needs some one to take care of her money, I suppose," Mrs. Hawthorne replied, carelessly. "But she may marry her cousin some day—I think he seems to fancy that she will—and then she will go back to France."

"Do you think she loves him? She has said so many times that she didn't believe in love."

"She may have *said* so, but she did not mean it. I saw them walking under the trees an hour ago, and I read in his face what *he* felt."

Phyllis looked out of the window, but the two had turned from the house again, and were walking toward the gate. But Felicie no longer had her hand in her cousin's arm.

"There they go," said Phyllis, in a low voice, half to herself. "If only we had seen the last of her!"

"What are you saying, Phyllis?"

"I am foolish, mamma; but I can't help feeling that Felicie is an enemy to our house. I shiver when I look at her, and if she comes near you, I want to spring upon her and drive her away."

"My darling," said Mrs. Hawthorne, softly, "come and sit by me. You must not grow nervous like your mother. You know there is nothing your father dislikes so much as these nervous tremors I sometimes have. *You* must learn to be brave, darling, and be a comfort to him; for I have thought lately that I might not be with you always—perhaps not much longer."

"Mamma, mamma! do not talk so! I can't bear to hear it!"

"But if it should be the truth, my child?"

"It cannot be!" cried Phyllis, sharply. "God would not take you away from me, mother!"

"Hush, Phyllis; you must not say that. I only wish I had done more for you, and been more comfort to both you and your father. I fear I have tried his patience sadly since I have been so miserable."

Phyllis looked at her mother with bewildered eyes. "Dear Guy," said she, softly, as if to herself; and there was a troubled sound in her voice. "I wish I had been more gentle with him, and then he would perhaps be sorry when I leave——"

"Mother, dear mother," cried Phyllis, in a voice of horror, "surely you do not know what you are saying!"

"Yes," she answered, sadly. "I know well, my own dear child. Ours was not a love-match, Phyllis, though I have *learned* to love your father dearly. *My* heart has never wandered since the hour I felt your little curly head on my bosom; if my love has been the strongest, I do not blame him — never think that, Phyllis."

Phyllis did not speak. She was crying softly, with her head bent down on her knees.

And that was the sight that met Guy Hawthorne as he opened the door and asked where Felicie had gone.

Phyllis lifted her wet eyes to her father's face, and her lips parted eagerly; but something in his eyes made her hesitate.

"Felicie is out walking with Mr. Feder," she said, quietly. "But see, papa, here is some one who wants you. Mamma is making herself miserable because she thinks she worries you with her illness. Sit down, and comfort her, papa."

Perhaps, for a moment, Guy Hawthorne felt stirring in his breast something that had lain sleeping a long while—perhaps for a single moment he relented in his sinful purpose; but just then Felicie's face appeared at the open window, she parted the curtains and looked in.

"What a delightful little family group!" she said, with the angry color flushing her dark cheeks. "And poor me! I am to be left out!"

"Not so, Felicie!" And Guy Hawthorne pushed away his wife's hand, and met Felicie's curious look with a smile vivid in its brightness.

CHAPTER VI.

A LONG FAREWELL.

But after that first impetuous sentence, Guy Hawthorne's face darkened, and he turned gloomily away.

Felicie saw the motion, and laughed aloud.

"That was a very kind thing to say, dear Mr. Hawthorne, and I am duly grateful. But I should like it better if you would come out to me. I wanted to ask your advice about a very important matter."

"Certainly, Felicie. I was just going to the garden to see to my new vines. Perhaps you will walk there with me."

"Let us *all* go," said Phyllis, springing to her feet. "It is such a lovely morning—too bright to be indoors."

"You forget, Phyllis," her father said, gravely, "that Felicie means to talk business to her guardian. You had better stay with your mother, who certainly could not walk with us."

Phyllis changed color. Her very brow flushed crimson, and her hands trembled as she put them on her mother's shoulder.

"And I would not leave her," she said, proudly, leaning down to kiss the thin, white face. "Don't let *business* keep you too long, Felicie!"

Felicie started suddenly.

"What is it you mean?" she asked, sharply. "I do not mean to trespass on any one's time."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Hawthorne. "My time is at my own disposal I presume, and consequently at your's, Felicie. Do not wait any longer."

And, frowning under his brows at his wife, who he believed had instigated Phyllis' remark, he strode hastily out of the room.

In perfect silence they walked down to the garden, but when they had reached the shadow of the long grape arbor, Guy Hawthorne turned round abruptly to find Felicie's beautiful eyes full of tears.

"Felicie!" he exclaimed, every thought banished from his mind except the one thought that she was suffering. "Felicie! am I the cause of those tears?"

"No—that is, not altogether," said Felicie, trying to speak calmly. "I tried not to cry, but—" and she broke down entirely.

"It ought not to be necessary for you to try," he replied, with a frown. "Oh, my Felicie, tell me at least that you are not growing weary of my love."

"Alas, no!" said Felicie, with well-acted surprise. "It is that I fear you repent of what you have done. Oh, Guy," she continued, speaking rapidly, "it would be better to send me away and let things be as they were before, than to go on and know you are unhappy."

"Who says that I am unhappy?" he asked, quickly.

"No one. It was not needful that anyone should tell me. I read it in your face when I looked in at the window."

"I tell you no," said Guy Hawthorne, taking the hand which was resting carelessly on his arm. "You are mistaken, darling," he added, his voice softening unconsciously, as he gazed on her dark loveliness. "I should be the most ungrateful man alive if I were not happy. Know, Felicie, that my happiness lies only with you; apart from you, life would be aimless."

"Ah, when you speak like that," sighed Felicie, "I feel I can never give you up."

"Why should you speak of such a thing?" he said, holding her hand closer in his; "if it is everything to you, what must it be to me!"

"And even if you do love your wife a little, Guy," she continued, as if she had not heard his last words, "you will, you are sure, be happy with me?"

"I shall think that I am in heaven when you are my wife, Felicie!"

"Not that!" she said, shuddering. "Not that, Guy! To be there one must die, and I long for a long life and a merry one."

"You shall have it, my darling, if all a man's efforts can compass it. But you have not told me what your cousin said, Felicie."

"He says," and the words came slower from her pale lips, "that you will leave the front door ajar to-night, and a light burning in your room. The rest of the house must be dark. And you are to give me the ten thousand dollars in bank notes, which I am to bring to him when I walk after tea."

"And then—" he said, as she paused.

"And midnight you will be free."

"And from that hour," he said, "we will devote this life to each other, my Felicie."

"With all my heart and soul," she whispered.

"My darling, kiss me!"

And Felicie lifted her cold lips to his, and after one light kiss, avoiding his embrace, she ran back to the house, leaving him to silence and an accusing conscience.

"Twelve hours to live!" Guy Hawthorne muttered to himself. "Yet she is a good woman, after her fashion, and what difference can it make to her when she dies. Presently—when I can rid myself of this abominable weakness—I shall go in and see her, perhaps. I will be cold and stern—no, I will be kind at the last. And to-night I will go away, until it is over."

For a moment he thought of Phyllis—Phyllis who loved her mother and would mourn for her—but he chased the thought away. "Darley will comfort her," he murmured, to himself; "and when the child is married, I will take Felicie away to some distant country, where we may forget all that has power to make us, even for a moment, miserable."

He went into the house and into the library, where he took from a locked drawer the sum he had agreed to give Gustave Feder, as the price of his work, and put it in a leather purse that lay open beside him; then writing a brief note to Felicie, telling her of his intended absence, he found means to put both in her hands, and before dinner, went to bid his wife good-bye.

Mrs. Hawthorne was looking paler than usual, and graver; for sad thoughts were intruding themselves on her mind.

She looked up as she heard the door open, thinking it was Phyllis who had returned.

When she saw who it was a faint flush crossed her face.

She had been deadly pale all day, and at that little nervous flush her husband's eyes fell.

"I am glad," he said, slowly, "that you are a little better, for I must go away to-night, on business."

"Is it important business, Guy? I think—I am afraid—that is I do not believe that I am quite as well as usual to-day."

"What, with that color in your face!" he said, coldly, and compressing his lips. "You are foolishly frightened, Bertha, and think you are ill when there is no sign of illness about you. You will be quite well when——"

YACHTING AT THE SEASIDE. (See Fourth Page.)

But a sudden torrent of memories rushed across his brain, and he could not utter the cruel words that were almost on his lips.

"When you return, you were going to say, Guy. If you would only delay your journey a little while—a few days would not make any difference, would it?"

"Of course it would make a difference. A man cannot put off business for a woman's whims. I would like to please you, Bertha," he added, more gently, "but it is really impossible."

"Well, then," she said, with a sigh, "I must be satisfied to let you go. Yet tell me before you go, Guy, that you are not altogether glad to leave me."

"Why, what silly fancy have you got in your brain now?" he said, startled by the unexpected question.

"I have thought, perhaps—you have had a right to doubt my affection, Guy; for I have been cross and impatient often, and you have thought, perhaps, that I did not love you."

"Yes, I have thought it," was his answer.

"But you are mistaken, Guy. I have no one in the world to love but you, and our little Phyllis, and I do love you both. Since you came back from France, five years ago, you have seemed changed, and I have fretted at the change and at your frequent absence since; but can we not both forget what has been unpleasant, and begin anew, my husband?"

"Forget, until a new misunderstanding arises," he said, briefly.

She was watching him closely—hoping against hope, she knew—but in that moment when he turned away from her, the old doubts as to his fidelity came back to her, and she knew that there was nothing to which she could look forward in the future.

"Let it go then," she said, wearily. "And tell me good-bye now, Guy."

"Good-bye," he said, slowly.

"Will you not kiss me good-bye, my husband? It may be for the last time, you know."

And she rose from her seat to approach him.

"Stand back, Bertha!" he cried, pushing her away. "I have no time for any more nonsense. You will cry and make yourself sick, and, by heaven, I will not have it!"

He had no need to say any more—the white lips would beg for a kiss no more.

Bertha Hawthorne had fallen back into her seat in a dead faint.

Her husband's face darkened; in his wild excitement he thought she was dead; and he clenched his hands above his forehead, while a thrill of satisfaction ran through his frame.

"And that villain," he thought, stamping upon the floor, "shall never have a cent of my money."

But his rejoicing came too soon. There was a faint quiver of the eyelids—a movement of the slender hands, and forth from the pale lips came the one word:

"Guy."

The feeling of relief which had leaped for an instant from his heart to his face, vanished, and he rushed hastily from the room, after putting the bell within her reach.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FACE IN THE GLASS.

Bertha Hawthorne came to herself at last, and rang the bell for Polly, the young girl who waited especially upon the invalid mistress of the house.

She came running at the first sound of the bell, but started back in affright at sight of the pale face and the trembling figure lying back in the chair.

For an instant she thought her mistress was dead, and the house resounded with her cries.

Felicie was in the parlor, reading the note which Mr. Hawthorne had thrust in her hand; and Phyllis had just reached the front door on her way to take a walk, when she heard Polly's voice, shrill and frightened.

"Somebody do come! The mistress is a-dying!"

Phyllis was the first to reach her mother's room, and just behind her came Felicie, with a face full of fear, looking cautiously around in each corner of the room, as if she expected to see some one lurking there.

"What is it?" she said, coming in on tiptoe, to where Phyllis knelt, chafing her mother's cold hands. "Ah, she has only fainted. Can I do anything to help you?"

Phyllis felt a shiver run through the cold hands which she held in her own; she saw her mother's eyes fixed on her appealingly, and she bent down her head to hear the whispered words which seemed to tremble on her lips.

"Send her away. She is stabbing me with her eyes," she said, under her breath.

Phyllis glanced toward Felicie, but her eyes were cast down.

"Can I do anything?" she asked again.

"No," said Phyllis, "and you had better go away for the present. I think a strange face annoys her."

"Very well," said Felicie. "Only remember that I was willing to help you if you would have allowed me."

But Phyllis only said, "Go, please."

She went then, but like a person whose mind was only half made up. At the parlor door, she paused again, beset by a sudden uneasiness, which would cross her mind.

Could it be that the woman she hated was about to die a natural death? That there was no need to stain her soul with any darker crime?

If so—and her hand closed involuntarily upon the roll of bank notes in her pocket—there would be no need to see Gustave and give him the ten thousand dollars. They might keep that—she could find a hundred ways to spend it—and Gustave would lose his cruelest hold upon her.

She was quite cool now, and she knew that Mrs. Hawthorne had recognized her, in some mysterious way, as her deadly enemy, and that it was at her entreaty that Phyllis had sent her away.

It was a strange feeling that swayed her. Day by day, hour by hour, she had for five years been drawing nearer the precipice; and now the hour had come, should she turn coward and tremble like a frightened schoolgirl.

No! If Mrs. Hawthorne did not die now, in her daughter's arms, then Gustave should do the work, and have his money for doing it.

And, casting all her indecision to the winds, she went into the parlor and shut the door behind her.

And Phyllis, unconscious of the misery awaiting her, all unconscious of the dark ways in which her feet were yet to tread, knelt at her mother's side, holding the poor hands against her warm bosom, to give them life and warmth.

"What has happened, Phyllis? Has your father really gone?" Mrs. Hawthorne asked at length, drawing a freer breath.

"Nothing has happened, dear mother, except that you fainted away when you were quite alone, and Polly frightened us all with her cries."

"I thought her was a dead woman," said Polly, from behind her chair. "And I be always afeard of ghosts."

"Hush!" said Phyllis. "You are a foolish girl, and would be frightened at your own shadow. Go down stairs now, and never let me hear you say such things again."

"Do not find fault with Polly, dear. She is a good girl, and has served her mistress well. Have I been a hard mistress, Polly?"

"Indeed, you've been an angel, ma'am! I be only afeard I've fended you and Miss Phyllis with my illusterin'."

"No, Polly, Miss Phyllis is not offended, and I am sure you will be careful never to offend her."

"Yes'm." And the girl, with a glad look of relief, darted out of the room, and Phyllis heard her, a moment later, running down stairs.

Phyllis would not leave her mother again that afternoon. Polly had reported all that had taken place, and there were numberless offers of assistance from the servants, but Mrs. Hawthorne only wanted to be alone with her daughter.

Phyllis found out that her father had really gone away, and though her mother's face grew a shade paler, when she was assured of the fact, she did not faint again; neither did she reveal what had taken place between them before his departure.

When nine o'clock came, she let Phyllis put her to bed, and told her to go herself. There was a door between their rooms, and she told her she might leave that open all night, and she would call if she needed anything.

Phyllis stayed a little longer, arranging the trifles on the mantelpiece, lighted her mother's night lamp, and then kissed her good-night.

As their lips met, Mrs. Hawthorne threw both her arms around her child's neck and held her so a moment.

"God bless you, and keep you, dearest," she said. And releasing her, she turned her face to the wall and composed herself for sleep.

Just outside of her mother's door, Phyllis met Polly.

"Is the mistress better, Miss Phyllis? All of us do be dreadful sorry, and if you'd just let me sit by her bed to-night——"

"No," said Phyllis, gravely. "She will sleep now, I hope, and you might disturb her. I shall leave my door open, and can do anything she wishes."

"Can't I sit outside the door, then? You might want me, you know?"

"For what should I want you, silly child. No; go up to bed at once. Is Miss Montcontour down stairs yet?"

"Her is outdoors with the French gentleman. I saw 'em under the oak trees."

"Very well," said Phyllis, sharply; "you can go now."

And as Polly, not venturing to make any further request, turned sorrowfully away, she went slowly down the stairs to wait for Felicie.

But, as her foot was on the last stair, Felicie opened the outer door and came in.

"You are out late," said Phyllis, coldly.

"Am I?" Felicie returned, carelessly. "I hope you have not waited for me?"

"Father is away," said Phyllis, "and I wanted to lock the doors."

"I did not think it was late," said Felicie, smiling a little sadly as she said it; "but when one is saying good-bye to a friend, and doesn't expect to see him again for a long time, one is not apt to take note of time."

"That is true," said Phyllis, a trifle more cordial in her manner. "I did not know your cousin was going so soon," she added. "Could he not have remained a little longer? You have scarcely seen him yet."

"It was impossible, he said. He has to be a hundred miles from here to-morrow morning. But don't let me keep you waiting any longer. I am going to bed now."

"Step lightly, please," said Phyllis; "mother is not well, and she has just fallen asleep."

"Is she no better?" asked Felicie, turning half way round on the stair, but keeping her face averted.

"A little, I think. If she is no better in the morning I shall send for the doctor. Good night."

"Good night," said Felicie.

But if Phyllis could have seen her face, she would have wondered at the strange look that was on it.

After that last good night Felicie went up the stairs and along the corridor at a quick pace, and when she had reached her own room, shut and locked the door behind her.

And Phyllis stood alone in the great, gloomy hall, sorry, at that eleventh hour, that she had not allowed Polly to stay just outside, at least, her mother's door.

The day had been an exciting one, and she was anxious to get some rest, so barely glancing into each of the lower rooms, she locked the outer hall door and crept softly upstairs.

She stopped to see if her mother was asleep, and finding her lying quietly just as she had left her, she went back to her own room.

She sat down by the window and loosened all her hair, until it fell like a cloudy veil about her, and, lost in thought, she let the time pass unheeded by.

She was thinking of her own young life, and how bright it had been until lately. Darley loved her, and she had promised to be his wife—that was in itself a guarantee of happiness. But she could not leave her mother, not even for Darley's sake, until she was quite well, and she seemed of late to be getting feeble every day.

Perhaps if her father would be a little more tender—a little more like the father she could remember not so many years ago—it would make a difference. She had heard that there was no cure like happiness; but she could bear to think no evil of her own father—she might be mistaken. She would wait and hope. It was very dark now; perhaps her brightest days were coming.

She must have sat there an hour or more. It was half past eleven by the clock on the mantel when she was finally undressed and ready for bed.

Her mother was still asleep, and leaving a kiss so light as not to wake her, on her lips, she knelt and said her prayers, and before the clock had struck the midnight hour she was asleep.

But she had forgotten to lock the door of her mother's room; faithful little Polly was sleeping as soundly as her mistress; and there was in all the house no wakeful eye to watch the dark figure that crept silently from tree to tree, across the lawn, stopping at length under the back parlor window.

Just there the shadows were grim and black, and for a moment the figure was lost in the darkness; then a long, slim hand was upreached to the window-shutter, and it swung lightly open. The window was noiselessly raised; the dark figure leaped up and was inside; the shutter swung to, and all was darkness again.

Alas! would no one wake!

Would no one catch the sound of that stealthy footfall on the stairs; or wake to see the cruel face that was turned eagerly round to the right and to the left, but was constantly drawing nearer to the door of Mrs. Hawthorne's chamber.

Phyllis awoke from a restless sleep, and a feeling of sudden horror stole over her.

Everyone in the house must have been asleep for hours, she thought; yet there was a sound somewhere, and she rose dismayed from her pillow.

She was not a coward, yet she began to tremble violently, as she sat up in bed and listened for a repetition of the sound that had awakened her.

There! It came again—a gurgling, choking sound, which came from her mother's room!

She sprang instantly out of bed, facing the door of the room. The light was still burning low; and in a glass which was over the mantel, and opposite her mother's bed, she saw something that roused her almost to frenzy.

There was a strange man standing by her mother's bed, his arm under her head, and in his other hand an empty glass.

Her mother had clutched him with one poor white hand, but, even as she looked, he had jerked his arm away, had dropped the empty glass in his pocket and was turning away. For one moment then their eyes met in the glass, and with a wild scream for help, Phyllis Hawthorne was in her mother's room.

But there was no one there. The night-lamp was still burning on the stand where she had left it, the bed was undisturbed, and the door was closed.

Her mother had moved—she was lying on her side now, with her face turned towards her daughter. But she was quite still.

Was it all a dream then—a freak of her own disordered imagination.

She would go nearer and touch the white hand that lay outside the covers.

Step by step—cautiously, lest she should wake the dear sleeper—Phyllis Hawthorne approached her mother's bed.

She touched her hand to hers, it was warm yet; she leaned down and touched the motionless lips, to reassure herself; she leaned her head on her bosom, careless now whether or not she wakened her.

Ah, there was no throb under the still bosom, and there was an awful shadow—a strange gray look creeping over the face that was turned towards her on the pillow.

In that single instant Phyllis recognized the cruel fact that her mother was dead.

Shriek after shriek alarmed the household; doors were heard opening and shutting hastily, hurried feet ran through the halls, and the dreadful thing was no longer a secret.

Polly was first to reach the room, and she was just in time to catch her young mistress as she would have fallen to the floor.

By the time they had removed her to her own bed, and sent one of their number for the doctor, the door opened again, and Felicie Montcontour came in, with a face pale with fear.

Crossing the threshold of her room, she had found a tiny note, evidently just tucked under; and she had waited to read it before she had ventured out.

It contained only these few lines:

"Let her be buried at the end of two days!"

And that terrible note, which if discovered would surely bring ruin upon her head, was even then lying hid in her bosom! [TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHECKING UNDUE FAMILIARITY.

Seminary Girls Resort to Tricks that are Pointed.

The girls in a seminary out in Oregon wanted to break an old professor of their institution of a bad habit. It was not exactly wicked, probably, for the good old man doubtless meant no harm by it. It was a way he had of being fatherly. When a young lady went to him with a question he put up his hand in the attitude of blessing her dear soul, and then laid it lovingly on her head and talked to her like a father. It may be mentioned as a merit that he treated them all alike. If he showed any partiality it was expressed in the weight of his hand and the lingering of his fingers among her locks. But it looked all the same. Some of the girls became annoyed at the habit. They would probably not have taken such a universal dislike to it if the professor had been a younger man. As it was, they entered into a conspiracy to reform him. They made a sort of pincushion, and in its peculiar mechanism plenty of pins were inserted points upwards. The infernal machine being perfected, a young lady was selected to try it on. The pincushion was placed on top of her head, and ostensibly covered with curls and tresses, so as not to dull the point of the joke. Then a question was concocted for the occasion. She went up to the professor and demurely asked whether Washington crossed the Delaware on the ice or on horseback, and when he evacuated Trenton. The professor raised his hand and soothingly said: "Why, my dear child——." He never finished the sentence. His hand had been heavy on the head. He was anxious to make a point, and did it. He seemed to take the hint, so far as that favorite girl went. The infernal machine was movable, and fitted every head that was puzzled over a question. Two or three experiments of this kind, and the professor's bad habit was completely cured.

BE COURAGEOUS.—If sorrow has entered your life, and rendered it bleak and cheerless, don't bow down before it like a "reed shaken in the wind," but swallow it, shake it out of your existence; cut it up root and branch; don't let it put you down under its feet.

"HAPPY DAYS."

BY R. M. M.

O lilacs and laburnums,
I love your fragrant scent!
Sweet memories of happy days
Are with your perfume blent.
O white and crimson clusters,
Of pear and apple tree,
O blooming wind-swept orchard,
How happy then were we!

O golden hours, swift passing,
When I was young and fair!
My hands I filled with flowers,
With garlands wreathed my hair,

And homeward from the orchard
Went crowned as the May Queen,
And in my sweetheart's eyes read
How fair I must have been.

The lilacs bloom as sweetly, the blossoms are as gay,
And on the budding hawthorn hang clustering buds of May;
I, only I, am changed, my golden youth is o'er—
With broken heart I'm musing upon the days of yore.

A GIFT FROM HEAVEN!

BY PIERCE EGAN,

Author of "The Flower of the Flock," "Violet; or, the Wonder of Kingswood Chase," "Her First Love," Etc., Etc., Etc.,

[This serial was commenced in No. 40, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXIII.

PLUNGING.

It would have been a sensational event for a stranger to have witnessed Harcourt and Templemore thus left alone together after so abrupt and brief an introduction.

It is true they were prepared to meet each other at table, but certainly not under, to say the least, such embarrassing circumstances.

As two male tigers in search of prey who had come suddenly and unexpectedly upon one another would stand and survey each other preparatory to the spring which should lock them in deadly embrace, they stood and gazed for at least a minute in grim silence.

The cold, deliberate stare with which Templemore examined Harcourt's features and form confused and chilled him, and although he had nerved himself, as he thought, for the interview, and was indeed inflamed by suspicions respecting Lao's unexplained absence from the hotel, he was unable to command his features under the searching glare of those eyes, or to appear so much at ease as he intended.

It seemed as though a look, a word, a spark would make these men fasten on each other and strive unto death. Yet such an issue neither desired; at least, not at present, and therefore they both stood silent and motionless, awaiting an expression or movement which might guide them into a more peaceful channel.

Of the two men Templemore possessed by far the larger amount of self-control, and promised to be first at his ease. It must be considered that in this matter his conscience was not burdened with a crime. He had not done the wrong—he had been grievously, grossly injured, and been compelled to endure the most shameful indignity it is in the power of woman to inflict on man. The man before him was the partner of the woman's guilt, and therefore amenable to such retributive justice as he might find it meet to inflict upon him; but though he had no thought of sparing him, his desire of vengeance on Lao, which would be robbed of half its compensation in atonement if it were to be made summary, made him swallow the repugnance of even breathing the same air with Harcourt, and for the purpose he had in contemplation, urged him even to exhibit towards him a species of affability which would throw him off his guard, and more effectually lure him into his power.

The confusion and embarrassment which Harcourt betrayed when he surveyed Templemore from top to toe was not lost upon the latter, but instead of placing it to the right cause, he attributed it to his being underbred, and unaccustomed to mix in a high class of society.

"And it was for this wretched coxcomb—this empty sham—I was sacrificed," he thought, as he turned abruptly away to conceal the spasm of indignation and humiliation which this painful reflection occasioned him.

However, the clue to the satiation of his long cherished revenge was in his hands, and with a sharp struggle against his nobler instincts he resolved to go on with it to the bitter end.

He turned again to commence a conversation, which he intended should be commonplace and *apropos* of nothing, but in spite of himself it drifted into dangerous allusions and savage innuendoes, which would have led to a violent *eclaircissement* had Harcourt been of a different composition.

"You have been away from England some years, I believe?" was Templemore's first remark.

"Yes," returned Harcourt, with an effort to appear comfortably vapid and affected, as men of much wealth and high birth are supposed by such men as he to be. "A—ten years—ten awfully long years. I wonder now how I dragged through them."

"Dragged through them!" repeated Templemore, with a sarcastic play of his lips. "A Paris with a fair and enchanting Helen find ten years in the odorous climes of the sunny south awfully long; You must be only too fastidious. You should have been supremely happy."

"Well, perhaps; but happiness is comparative, and I—I had no Ellen with me," answered Harcourt, rather stiffly.

"Your—a—your adorable—wife, I am told," persisted Templemore, with a rigid smile, but with eyeballs which were not unlike lambent flames. "She has the reputation of being exceedingly beautiful. I have heard it from the mouths of many men."

"Do you not trust your own judgment?" asked Harcourt, abruptly.

"Mine?" he asked, taken a little aback.

"Yes; you have seen her," rejoined Harcourt, with a face of flame and a disquieted impression, for he was not quite sure whither the conversation was drifting.

Templemore saw its danger, too, and laughed dryly—very dryly, Harcourt thought.

"You must not ask me," he said, with a quiver of the upper lip. "I see women through a very unflattering medium. I hold them in abhorrence, and your wife may be as lovely as Helen was reputed to be, and as chaste as Diana in her ice regions in the silver moon, and yet delight not me."

"Why do you use her name in conjunction with that of Helen?" interrogated Harcourt, in a colder and a palpably offended tone, for in some way he could not explain to himself what he felt.

His *amour propre* was being rather trampled upon by this man.

"Ah, why, indeed?" responded Templemore, with his offensive sarcastic curl of the lip. "I am as unfortunate in my illustration as in my opinion of women. To be sure Helen deserted her husband and her paramour stood a ten years' siege. You have stood a ten years' siege of Mrs. Harcourt, so my simile is not apt. Helen was strangled for her misdoings, and the name of Mrs. Harcourt is, like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion."

Harcourt reddened and felt restive. He did not think Lao's name above suspicion. But what did Templemore's covert allusion convey?

Hardly knowing what he was saying, he subjoined:

"A—strangled—for her misdoings. Why that Helen of whom you speak did not poison her husband, did she?"

Templemore reeled a pace, and glared like a wolf at Harcourt. Could Lao have confessed her crime to this fellow who had aided in so unpardonably injuring him, and was he prepared to justify her?

"If so," he said, mentally, "the end of the tragedy will be closer than I intended it."

He looked direct into Harcourt's eyes.

"What do you mean by poisoning her husband?"

Harcourt dropped his eyelids under the fiery stare. He saw that his intended bolt had shot home; but he had yet to get at its elucidation, and with this end in view he had been premature.

"Mean!" he repeated, rather hastily—"mean! Of course, nothing. What should I—except the law does not strangle a woman for deserting her husband? Some people, you know, would think she had been committing an act of kindness."

And he laughed vacantly.

Templemore laughed, too, but his mirth was like that of a hyena.

"But," he rejoined, showing his teeth, "let us take it that the woman has deserted her husband in the face of his having been all—more to her than any woman has a right to expect of man—does she not deserve some punishment?"

"Well—a—yes—of course—some," shiftily evaded Harcourt, as he thought what amount of punishment a man deserved who had deserted such a wife as Floye.

"What!" demanded Templemore, in a sharp, loud, startling voice.

"A—really—I do not pretend to enact the part of judge in such a case," again evaded Harcourt.

"I will answer for you. Death!" half shouted Templemore, clutching Harcourt by the wrist, and looking fiercely into his eyes.

The latter shook him off rather unceremoniously, and affecting to be offended, drew himself up. Pulling at his cuffs, and then at his moustache, he said, with vermilion cheeks and forehead:

"Really, upon my word, Mr. Templemore, I do not quite understand this excitement. Let us see where we are. We began, I think, by a simple statement on my part, that myself and Mrs. Harcourt had passed ten years in Italy. We got as far as Greece, with her famous beauty, the siege of Troy—and——"

Templemore drew himself up, and seemed to shake himself so as to stiffen muscles and nerves, and then changing his manner, he interrupted, with a hollow laugh:

"Are now back again in the regions of common sense. I spoke hypothetically, of course. Beautiful Helen of Troy was frail as the beams of the inconstant moon, which look all silver and are—nothing—and Mrs. Harcourt—oh, she!—why, you would without qualification vouch for her honor with your life."

"With my life, if need be," responded Harcourt, in a nettled, impatient tone.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Templemore, tempestuously and scornfully.

"I do not understand what you desire to convey, sir," rejoined Harcourt, resentfully.

"This," returned Templemore, incisively. "Your declaration is manly—and chivalrous—and all that; but Mr. Harcourt—so would not I——"

Harcourt tightened his closed hands, and from brow to shirt collar he was all aflame.

"Sir!" he ejaculated, hoarsely and angrily.

Templemore threw up his hands deprecatingly.

"Pray hear me out," he said, with a sudden change of tone and manner. "So would not I, Mr. Harcourt, for any woman. As the poet says of the sex, 'Let all untruths stand by thy stained name.'"

"I hope you fellows are having a good high old time of it," interposed Admiral Hardcastle, bustling suddenly into the apartment. "What, the decanter yet stoppered. Come, I'll challenge you to a taste of this amontillado; it is the best ever grown, as dry as—a million to nothing, and no takers, eh, Templemore? Oh, here's Dacres and Skeffington, How do, Powys? Ah, Clifden Chudleigh, too. Good boys The hour for dinner chimes, and you are all here to your guns like men."

To Harcourt's great relief the chamber became filled with the exclusive knot who were to dine together, and the embarrassing conversation between himself and Templemore was brought to an abrupt close.

But the effect remained. The torch had been applied to the dormant fire which so long had been kept slumbering in Templemore's breast, and the spur had been given to Harcourt, who felt as if he had been snubbed, scoffed at, sat upon—worse yet, that Lao had made him the dupe of her machinations, her first love, and perhaps caresses, having been lavished on this man, who had not hesitated to treat him with all but undisguised disdain.

This last reflection rankled as deeply in his mind as all others put together. To be treated superciliously was more, or certainly quite as offensive to him as to be tricked and deceived. The latter he could understand and make allowance for; the former stung him the deeper, perhaps, because he was but too conscious of his own demerits. Therefore his resentment now against Templemore was less on Lao's account than his own, for he could see by his manner that he unscrupulously despised him.

Excited enough already, he appealed to wine to "set him up" and to give him nerve. It made him talkative, boastful, and desirous to occupy a position to which he had no real claim, and he was among men who were not at all prone to accord it when undeserved; but then he was accounted wealthy, and the power to dispose of thousands at will for a freak, like very few other qualifications, covers a multitude of sins in the eyes of those who desire to participate in the disposition.

Therefore, he was listened to, laughed with, and secretly at, and he was invited to taste this choice wine and that superb vintage, this growth and that unequaled brand—for every course in the *menu*, and there were many, had its own wines served with it—and he complied, pronouncing upon them with the air of a *connoisseur*, and making some lamentable shots which were approved of with covert sneers he did not detect.

Indeed, altogether, it seemed now to him that his position was properly recognized, his abilities perceived, and his wit and vivacity suitably appreciated.

With this flattering conviction, his eyes ever and anon wandered in the direction of Templemore, who was seated nearly opposite to him. He felt anxious that he should be compelled by what he witnessed to confess to himself that he had under-estimated him.

But Templemore sat bolt upright like a jasper idol, rigid, and almost motionless, fastening on him a stony stare, which nothing seemed to modify or avert. He felt as he grew more and more heated with wine that he should like to hurl one of the decantors at that gray-green, awful visage, and but for the consideration of what the men by whom he was surrounded would say he would have done it.

The cloth was cleared, the dessert was meliorated with burgundies and clarets of unsurpassable excellence. Then coffee and cigars, and Harcourt felt himself equal to anything in the universe, especially a quarrel with Templemore, if it could be brought about. He heard a voice say:

"De Rougemont, I hear that you have a filly for the Guineas and Derby which is to win both events, if not the Sellinger as well."

He jumped as if he had heard an Armstrong gun fired unexpectedly from a masked battery. He saw Templemore's eyes, with the glitter of steel in them, turn slowly to the end of the room. His followed their direction, and he saw the face of De Rougemont flushed and smiling; at the same time he *felt* that the stony orbs of Templemore traveled back to him and rested on his face again.

He grated his teeth together, and said to his next neighbor:

"How long has De Rougemont been here? I did not see him come."

"Oh, ya-as," was the reply; "entered the room as we sat down—been at the end of the table ever since. Never saw him so quiet as he is to-night. Got a new flame, I'm told, who has made him awfully spoony."

Harcourt felt as if he had been subjected to a hot blast.

Then De Rougemont spoke with a constrained laugh.

"Not far out," he exclaimed. "Thorough in all points, except, perhaps, in staying. I am not quite sure about that."

Harcourt heard Templemore's discordant laugh ring through the room.

"You have forgotten her vices, De Rougemont!" he cried, with only too palpable sarcasm. "They are enough to prevent her success in any race. You had better take my advice and part with her. She will cost you a great deal of money, and you will find she will *not* stay."

"She will win the Guineas, if not the Derby," responded De Rougemont, in a confident tone. "I shall stand by her."

"And back your opinion," rejoined Templemore, quickly.

"She has come to fours to one," observed one of the gentlemen.

"I will give you twenty thousand to five against her winning the Guineas," pursued Templemore, producing a small, elegantly bound betting book.

"A—no," returned De Rougemont, glancing furtively at Harcourt. "That is above my mark. I will take your four to one in thousands."

"Tush!" returned Templemore. "You're a gentleman, De Rougemont—bet like one. Are you afraid?"

There was a general titter, which was at once dispersed by Harcourt leaping up, and crying:

"I'll take that bet—a—Tem'melmore. I am a gentleman; and, perhaps, any other gentleman will be pleased to ask me if I'm afraid."

"Twenty thousand to five thousand pounds, Mr. Harcourt. I book that bet," said Templemore, coldly. "You had better book the bet too."

"All right, Tem'melmore," responded Harcourt, with semi-drunken rudeness. "I'll book it; but I'll cover it if you are afraid of me."

"Afraid of *you*?" responded Templemore, his eyes flashing like lightning. Controlling himself, however, he added, "Let this be the proof. I will lay you sixty thousand to five against the mare for the double event."

"What double event?" demanded Harcourt, striving to steady himself, and look calm and self-possessed.

"The Two Thousand Guineas Stakes and the Derby," rejoined Templemore; and added, sneeringly, "Are you afraid of that?"

"No," cried Harcourt, promptly. "Done—book it. Anything more?"

"Well," intervened Admiral Hardcastle, with a laugh, "if you are going in for a plunge, don't spoil the ship for a ha'porth of tar. What do you offer for the triple event, Templemore?"

"Eighty-five thousand to five," responded Templemore, contemptuously. "That will not ruin Mr. Harcourt, I presume, if he loses?"

Harcourt waved his hand with disdain, and laughed savagely.

"You have a knack of putting things in a disagreeable way," he said, with dilated nostrils; "but you will not disturb me. I take your bet on the triple event, and—let me see. If I win all three I bag one hundred and sixty-five thousand pounds. If I lose it will clear me of fifteen thousand. Pooh! a mere flea-bite. I'll lay you an even five thousand that I win all three events. I can always back my luck."

"Done!" snapped Templemore, and booked the bet.

"Look ye here, Harcourt," remarked Admiral Hardcastle; "you have made a splendid plunge. I should have wanted

larger odds; but, after all, luck's all, and then the lady Bab filly is an extraordinary mare. By the way, De Rougemont, as I am putting down the particulars of his bet for Harcourt, you may as well tell me if you have given the filly a name yet."

De Rougemont hesitated a moment, and then replied, it seemed reluctantly:

"A—yes—a—I've named her Laodice—a fancy, but it is my fancy."

There was a shout of laughter; but Templemore did not laugh. He looked like a demon at the colonel.

"Oh, stuff—call her by some other name," responded Admiral Hardcastle. "Laodice! Why, the Ring will never be able to turn it over their tongues."

"A fitting name," remarked Templemore, with an expressive look at Harcourt, which he was unable to comprehend. "The Laodice of old was full of vices, and so is—your daughter of Lady Bab."

"Oh, she will be called Lao, for short," exclaimed one of the party, with a gibing laugh. "That will suit De Rougemont—eh?"

Harcourt swung round with a face like a tiger; but at the moment he felt himself seized by the wrist, and he saw Templemore's livid face near to his own, and an expression in it more vulturine than human.

"You say," he said, showing his white teeth, "you can always back your luck. I'll throw you for a thousand or two. We have the ivories in the next room."

Harcourt threw off his clutch, and pinched his moustache for a minute nervously. His brain was all in a whirl.

"Afraid?" remarked Templemore, sarcastically and loudly.

All the faces were turned towards them. Harcourt shrugged his shoulders, and gave a most empty laugh.

"Afraid!" he repeated, as if he were choking. "Where are the dice?"

Of course, when on this an adjournment was made to the adjoining room, where cards were to have been played, all the members of the party followed Templemore and Harcourt in high expectancy, for it was understood—it almost seemed as a matter of course—that the stakes would be large.

The table in a moment was encircled by eager faces and staring eyes, and a considerable amount of excitement was evinced, although it was kept carefully subdued.

After the dice had been examined and reported, Templemore turned his olive-tinted face to Harcourt, and said, suggestively:

"Seven's the main."

"No," replied Harcourt, with attempted nonchalance, yet with unquestionable decision; "who throws highest first time with three dices wins."

"Agreed," answered Templemore, readily; "for a thousand."

"For a thousand," Harcourt gurgled rather than spoke.

Templemore threw fifteen. A kind of suppressed moan went round the table.

Harcourt rattled the dice, and threw sixteen.

"Harcourt wins, by Jove!" exclaimed Hardcastle, who occupied the post of referee.

Again Harcourt threw twelve, Templemore eight.

"Harcourt wins, by Jove!" cried Hardcastle, amid profound silence.

A third, a fourth, a fifth cast, and Harcourt won all.

"This is tedious," remarked Templemore, with a yawn; "boys tossing for halfpence. I will throw you for five thousand."

Harcourt shrugged his shoulders, and said, with a half sneering movement of his lips:

"That is, double or quits."

"Bah!" cried Templemore, with a gleam of resentment in his eyes. "I am careful of your money; but I forgot that you can always back your luck. Say a throw for ten thousand."

Harcourt looked somewhat uneasily round him. He could read men's faces in such contests as these pretty well. He saw that he would be regarded with scorn if he refused, or even demurred.

"Throw!" he said, laconically.

Templemore at once complied, and Harcourt followed.

"Harcourt wins!" cried Admiral Hardcastle, as if he had got the croup.

"Again!" exclaimed Templemore, sternly.

"Again!" repeated Harcourt.

They threw.

"Harcourt wins, by Jove!" gasped Admiral Hardcastle, with a face of vermillion, and eyes that gleamed like an owl's in the dark.

"Once more," called Templemore, with, it seemed, a cold indifference when compared with Harcourt's nervous excitement, which he vainly tried to conceal.

Harcourt nodded—his throat was too dry, his tongue too parched to articulate. They threw again, and with the same result.

"Harcourt wins!" half squealed the admiral. "Never saw such luck!"

"Never!" "Wonderful!" "Extraordinary!" went round the table.

"Let me see," remarked Templemore, making a memorandum. "I stand to lose thirty-five thousand pounds. With your luck I might in one throw make it fifty thousand, only a change might bring it to twenty. What do you say? Will you make the next cast for fifteen?"

Harcourt moved to a sideboard, filled a tumbler with champagne, and tossed it off. It seemed to steady him. He returned to the table, and looked Templemore in the eyes.

"I will throw you for any sum you dare name," he exclaimed, with knited brows and set teeth.

Templemore's complexion underwent an awful change, but his features remained composed, although his answering look was anything but friendly in its character. He smiled.

"I never lose my head," he answered. "I have always to draw a line. Against your luck I draw it at fifty thousand pounds to-night. I call fifteen thousand pounds."

"I'll cover that," rejoined Harcourt.

Templemore took the dice and threw.

"Seventeen!" half shouted the admiral, in seeming ecstasy. "Twenty to one it is not beaten!"

A little tumult followed, and very many more romancing bets were offered than intended or taken.

Harcourt took up the box, and glanced round him with an inebriated leer of contempt.

"You can't beat my luck," he said thickly.

A dead silence ensued as he steadied himself, rattled the dice, and cast them from the box.

"Sixes, by thunder!" spluttered the admiral. "Harcourt wins!"

"I told you so," mumbled Harcourt, and again helped himself to a tumbler of champagne. As he drained it to the dregs, he cast the glass from him, and shivered it to atoms. He buttoned his dress coat all askew across his chest, and, turning, advanced to Templemore as if about to come to blows with him, for in some way he had mixed up De Rougemont with him in his mind. The latter met him half way. He held out a check to him which he had just written and the admiral had endorsed.

"You will find the amount correctly placed, and that it is as good at my banker's as a Bank of England note," he said, as cold as ice. "I will take my revenge—another time."

Harcourt stretched out his hand, and clutched it, but in doing so fell against him. Templemore hurled him back as if he had been an adder, and in a loud voice cried:

"Take your winnings to your Helen of the sunny lands. Present it to her for a glittering necklace. She will recognize the signature. It will not be the first clasp about the neck she could acknowledge from him who bears that name. It may not be the last."

Harcourt, recovering his feet, made a rush at him, but Templemore had already departed, and he stared wildly, insanely around him, clasped his hands to his temples, and fell on the ground like a stone.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FIFTY THOUSAND POUNDS.

Lao returned from the Asylum for Patients Temporarily Insane in South Kensington unseen by her own servants or attendants, and in self gratulatory triumph. She believed that she had safely secured a treasure that would prove a winning card in the game then proceeding whenever she saw the fitting moment to play it.

She was slightly disturbed to learn that Harcourt, having come back to the hotel, and finding her absent, without it being known what had become of her, had quitted it abruptly in apparent anger, she supposed in search of her, but she laughed with apparent unconcern in her maid's face, and, dismissing her, said:

"I will await Mr. Harcourt's return."

She threw herself on a lounge, and took up a book.

"I am glad to find him fretful, and irritable, and jealous," she muttered. "Ha, ha! How I will make him fume and writhe, and dance. I shall enjoy that! I wonder where he has dashed off to—the Opera? Perhaps to look for her. No; he dare not do that. Not to dine with—augh! the very thought of him makes me feel faint. No; De Rougemont prevented that; he kept his promise faithfully, and I am—aha! to the eye—not to the hope—no—not to—the hope! Heigho! he is wondrously handsome. I wonder that did not strike me so much when we used to meet at the Carringtons and the St. Maurs. Then he was listless, vain, an insane fop—at least, I thought him so, and I—I was no catch—beauty and poverty rolled into one. So he could not lower his eyes to reach mine. Now he is at my feet, entreating—a reward, and I can spurn him if I will——"

She started to her feet and paced the room. She passed her hands over her beating temples and about her neck as if her throat pained her.

"Spurn him! Can I now?" she gasped. "I would he were not so handsome, so very handsome—that he had not such intense expression in his eyes, such supreme, soft, yet deep passion—so pleading, so beseeching." A little screech escaped her lips. "What a miserable, wretched sport of fate I am! Why did he not plead to me in the days gone? I should have loved him a thousand times more than Clare—ugh!—or—or Haro—Pah! I despise him—now it is too late. Yes, it must be too late. I must avoid him, I see—I feel that. His deep, deep eyes make my pulses quiver and my heart leap at his touch. My veins throb. No, it must not be. I will see him no more—no—more—perhaps once to tell him so. Yet I, who have no friend but him in the world, to cast him from me. I could not do it—I could not bear it."

And now her pacings became more rapid. She flung herself upon the lounge and buried her face in her hands, only to leap to her feet again and renew her disordered pacings.

She pressed her hands tightly upon her heart, and moaned.

"What does this mean? What can it mean? That I am in love with him, and now? That at last I have been smitten down as one with a raging fever—by love! I who have never once believed in its existence except as a hollow sham, a name. Impossible! No, no, no! It cannot, must not be. It must be all ended at once. I will speak to Harcourt when he comes back. I will tell him that I know he has erred. I will confess that I have erred. We will abroad again, shake the dust of this accursed land off our feet. Go abroad again, and live there in revelry, and without fear. Yes, it shall be so."

She tried to arrange plans how this resolution should be carried out, and at once; but she failed to satisfactorily plan one in which De Rougemont could be effectually stamped out of it.

And the hours went by, and the hours wore on, and Harcourt returned not. At last, when worked up to that dangerous mood in which "retaliation" takes the form of justice, there was a sound of carriage wheels drawn up at the outer door, a strange confusion of voices, a ringing of bells, a banging of doors, trampling of feet, and then a hasty summons at the door.

All Lao's servants had retired for the night, and she opened the door herself. She started back, for a group of men's faces caught her eyes, and in their arms they bore the senseless form of a man. She retreated back into the room, and they followed her. They lay the recumbent figure on a couch. A glance told her it was Harcourt.

A gentleman approached her. It was De Rougemont. He looked with his impressive gaze into her eyes, and shrugged his shoulders. In an under tone of contemptuous disdain, he said:

"Insensibly inebriated."

Then he bowed and withdrew.

Another gentleman bustled forward. It was Admiral Hardcastle. In a gentlemanly tone of sympathy, but with words which were like successive blows with an iron bar on her brain, he exclaimed, in a whisper:

"A little over excitement, that is all, my dear Mrs. Harcourt. He dined with me to-night—a trifle free with wine; but he played with Templemore—you must have heard of him, I think—played for tremendous stakes, but Harcourt won all before him. Fifty thousand pounds. Fif-ty thou-sand pounds! Here is Templemore's check for that amount which Harcourt let fall when he dropped down insensible from over excitement. Take care of that check, Mrs. Harcourt—it is a large one. Besides, Templemore suggested it should purchase and you should wear a diamond necklet clasped about your neck as his gift. Now please, madam, do not you faint, too. Ring for your maid. A doctor is with Harcourt. We brought him with us. I will leave him, but I will take my fellows with me. Good night, Mrs. Harcourt; all will be well in the morning. Do not forget the necklet. Templemore stipulated for that."

And then he was gone. All departed, and she was alone with the doctor and Harcourt.

She glanced at the latter. His face looked purple, and his breathing was stertorious. A feeling of loathing passed over her; then she looked at the check, and her skin changed to the hue of gray marble, but she did not cast it from her.

No; she impulsively raised it to deposit it in the bosom of her dress, but with almost a cry and a shudder she drew down her hand as if it clasped a twisting asp, and flung it on the ground.

A moment more, and "Fifty thousand pounds" rang through her brain. She stooped and snatched it up, and proceeding to a bell rang it violently. After some delay her maid appeared, half asleep, and she said in a cold, hard voice to her:

"Send Picket to attend his master, and see that some of the hotel people are within call, if they are required." She turned to the doctor, and said, frigidly, "Of course, you will do all that is needful for your patient before you leave him. Give your instructions to Mr. Harcourt's man. The morning may do for aught I may desire to know."

"Or care," thought the doctor, as with an erect, haughty carriage she left the room.

Harcourt's night, troubled, turbulent, feverish as it was, was one of calm repose to hers. Her mind was distracted and torn by conceptions, not only of what had happened, but what might have happened. At least three things were certain. Templemore and Harcourt had met; they had gambled, and Harcourt had won a huge sum of money off him—a sum of which she held possession—a fortune in itself, and which, if she could retain it as her own, would render her independent of Harcourt, upon whom she had no legal claim—nay, of the world, for life.

It is said that human nature where it is bad is not bad all at once—it plunges into crime by degrees, led on by irresistible temptations. Yet it is a question whether the evil is not there from the first, and merely requires circumstance and opportunity to develop it from its latent condition. Whatever evil there was in Lao's composition, it is certain that it was not the result of a progress in crime, but rather that it leaped to the surface the instant occasion made it available.

That she was disgusted with Harcourt for returning to her, as Colonel De Rougemont with a contumelious sneer had intimated, in a helpless fit of inebriety—a state in which she had never before seen him—there was no doubt. That it moved her to the formation of certain plans she was revolving in her mind was not the case. Her position was insupportable to her. She had plunged into crime for a prize, and it had turned out a blank. The man she had hoped to deceive had deceived her. She had not experienced an hour's real happiness since the moment she had believed herself to have been guilty of a foul murder; and now her soul was released from that burden, she was yet in danger from any sudden retributive action by Templemore—of being dragged by him through the mire of exposure, and discarded, penniless, and without compunction, by Harcourt. It was a danger, too, that was imminent, and she was not one to sit down, fold her mantle about her head, and singing her death song, await the fatal blow.

After she had got together the lines of a plan by which in another sphere she hoped to realize a round of unreflective luxurious pleasure, deaf to the appeals of conscience, for the remainder of the term of life allotted to her, and wholly regardless of all other persons but herself, she sought for the check which Admiral Hardcastle had entrusted to her care, and examined it. It was payable to the order of Admiral Hardcastle, was endorsed by him, and was an open check, payable over the bank counter to whomsoever might present it, for it was not crossed.

As a matter of convenience to her, Harcourt had opened an account for her with a private bank in Pall Mall for "pin money," and by means of this she decided to appropriate the very large check in her possession to her own use.

Nothing seemed more easy. She would tell Harcourt what she had done, keeping him in tow with a lying excuse, preaching prudent discretion, and when her plans were ripe, and she safe away, he might seek to recover it how he could.

In the morning she visited Harcourt, found him in a high state of fever from over excitement, saw the doctor, conferred with him, and issued directions relative to his being carefully nursed and tended, as it was likely he would be confined to his bed for two or three days at least—all with an imperturbability which made the medical man determine to administer himself to Harcourt such medicines, chiefly opiates, as it might be advisable he should take.

"I would not trust a narcotic in her hands," he thought, with a silent laugh and a little shudder. "She loves him enough to put him to sleep until the day of judgment. What eyes! A daughter of Satan in grain, I'll swear."

Dressed with exceeding taste, with a pleasing smile upon her composed features, as though her heart was unvexed by a care, her brain unclouded by an anxiety, she placed Templemore's check in her pocket book.

"What a firm hand he writes even now," she said to herself, with a complacent smile, as she looked at his signature.

She descended the hotel stairs preceded by an active page, and was bowed by attentive and obsequious lackeys to a carriage which awaited her, looking an epitome of loveliness and happiness.

So the manager of the bank thought as she was escorted, at her wish, to his private room. After having thrilled him with a look which beamed with tender condescension, and a smile which seemed to say, "What a happy world this is—we are all so upright, honorable, and good," she said, sweetly:

"My dear Mr. Parker, I wish you to do me a favor."

He wished her to understand that the realms of possibility would be scoured by him to comply with any request she might put to him. She handed to him Templemore's check, which he took, and as he perused it his dyed eyebrows went up to the front rim of his brown scratch.

"It was given by Templemore to Admiral Hardcastle," she said, in the most indifferent tone, "and paid by Hardcastle to my husband in settlement of some transaction between them. My husband is, unfortunately, confined to his chamber by a low fever—a little over indulgence, I blush to say—but not to let such a check lie about, I arranged with him to see you, and, as it is an open check, for you kindly to take the trouble to send a trustworthy messenger for the sum, and place it to my account. Will you?"

"Pray be seated," exclaimed the obliging manager. "I will go myself."

In half an hour he returned with fifty one thousand pound notes, which he insisted upon her counting. When she had done so, she smiled ineffably upon him, so that he smelt rose leaves, and saw orange and pink tinted clouds, while he felt in an ecstatic delirium. She said she would show the notes to her husband, and then, if he continued in the same mind, she would return and place them to her account at the bank.

Instead, she was driven round Hyde Park, and then back to the bank.

The manager received her with smiles, bent form, and much turning over of his hands.

"Mr. Harcourt has decided to invest the money in stocks and shares. Will you give me an inkling how to set about it?" she said, languidly helpless.

Said the manager:

"If I dared to think my poor services would be acceptable, I would accompany you to our broker. You can lay out the money in the safest investments in half an hour."

She looked her thanks, and the manager was transported to Elysium and to the stockbroker's in a very brief time.

Shares, obligations, and stocks payable to bearer, to the amount of fifty thousand pounds, less brokerage, were soon purchased and handed to her, and taking an abrupt leave of the half delirious broker—for she had blazed her fascinations on him, too—and the dazed manager, she returned to the Cavendish.

Harcourt was in a profound sleep—deep almost as that of death.

She proceeded to her boudoir, rang for her maid, and said, in a stern, authoritative voice:

"Do not intrude upon me, and suffer no one to approach me until I ring."

The maid proceeded to the door, and brought back the key.

"Would it not be better that you should lock the door, madam?" she asked, with what she considered withering sarcasm.

"Yes," returned Lao, sharply. "Go."

The maid, as it is the habit with these young persons who think their "twopence good money," flounced out of the room.

Lao followed closely upon her heels, locked the door, and threw the key upon the table.

Then she opened her packet of shares and obligations, perused their titles and amounts, and with dancing eyes folded them up in the thick sheet of white cartridge paper in which they had been enclosed, tied them with their own pink tape, placed them in a small davenport, which she locked, and then carefully stowed away the key in a secret drawer in her desk, which she carefully locked.

Then she dropped her arms straight down before her, and tightly interlaced her fingers. Her eyes flashed, her lips quivered, her bosom rose and fell.

"Safe—secured beyond the reach of danger by my own hand. Yet fools talk of being ruined, strangled, annihilated by the cold grip of fate. Pah!"

She drew her form erect as a rush of thoughts about the future swept through her mind, and with a vain, haughty swerve of her body, and a proud sense of her personal attractions, she bent her glittering eyes towards her cheval glass.

In an instant she felt changed into a statue of ice.

A phantom stood before her in the glass—a dusky spectre, in man's form, and with an awful face.

She swept round and faced him.

He extended his arm, and pointed one finger towards her. In a voice which seemed to abraze her nerves he said:

"Woman, the hour of reckoning between us has come!"

It was Templemore.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DON'T QUARREL.—People talk of lovers' quarrels as rather pleasant episodes—probably because they are not quarrels at all. She pouts; he kisses. He frowns; she coaxes. It is half play, and they know it. Matrimonial quarrels are another thing. We doubt seriously if married people ever truly forgive each other after the first falling out. They gloss it over; they kiss and make up; the wound apparently heals, but only, as some of those horrible wounds given in battle do, to break out again at some unexpected moment. The man who has sneered and said cruel things to a sensitive woman never has her whole heart again. The woman who has uttered reproaches to a man can never be taken to his bosom with the same tenderness as before those words were spoken. The two people who must never quarrel are husband and wife. One may fall out with kinsmen, and make up, and be friends again. The tie of blood is a strong one, and affection may return after it has flown away; but love, once banished, is a dead and buried thing. The heart may ache, but it is with hopelessness. It may be impossible to love anyone else, but it is more impossible to restore the old idol to its empty niche. For a word or two, for a sharpening of the wits, for a moment's self-assertion, two people have often been made miserable for life. For, whatever there may be before, there are no lovers' quarrels after marriage.

LET us be as the trees which yield their fruit even to those that throw stones at them; and as the fruitful bough bends towards the ground, so let our good works beget humility.

IF you have talents, industry will improve them; if moderate abilities, industry will supply the deficiencies. Nothing is denied to well-directed labor; nothing is ever to be obtained without it.

DEGENERACY OF BODILY STRENGTH.

When we read the chronicles of past ages, the many feats recorded of physical power—of a body that knew neither weakness nor fatigue, an iron strength of endurance and action—it seems to us like the echo of a distant age with which we have nothing to do. We cannot realize the strength of the beautiful Bymburga, wife of the stalwart Duke Ernest of Austria, who could crack nuts with her fingers, and drive a nail into a wall with her hand, as far as others with a hammer. When we hear of the lofty Brinhilda, who bound her offending lover with her girdle, and slung him to a beam of the ceiling, we do not recognize that the myth which represents the wild strong life of that distant age has a lesson for us, and we should ponder the question whether in our days we have not lost much stout virtue, with the failure of our bodily powers. The breakfast feasts of good Queen Bess and her maids, on rounds of beef and mugs of ale, seem incredible in our poor dyspeptic days. What would not our delicate ladies and gentlemen give for that vigorous life, which could spring out of bed at five o'clock, full of energetic activity, digest and enjoy plain, substantial fare, and pursue every occupation of the day, with the power of robust health? We could hardly sit at the breakfast-table of the old Earl of Northumberland, of whom we read, "My Lord and Lady have for breakfast, at seven o'clock, a quart of beer, as much wine, two pieces of salt fish, six red herrings, four white ones, and a dish of sprats."

FOLLY has more commentators than wisdom—perhaps because her works are more numerous.

THE REVIEWER
NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The French at Home. By Albert Rhodes, with numerous Illustrations. Publishers, Dodd & Mead, New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

Mr. Rhodes' opportunities during a lengthy foreign residence in the consular and diplomatic service have been unusual, and the result of his observations we have presented to us in this volume, containing a number of very entertaining and instructive papers on French life. They are full of merit, and the graceful satire and the humorous comments which every now and then crop out make it very attractive reading.

Dying and Dreaming. By Edward Garrett, author of "By Still Waters," etc. Publishers, Dodd & Mead, New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

This is a touching and truthful narrative of humble life, tender in its pathos, and graceful in execution.

Fated to be Free. By Jean Ingelow, author of "Off the Skelligs," "Studies for Stories," etc. Publishers, Roberts Brothers, Boston. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

This new novel by one of the best of the young poets of England is delightful reading. There is a certain connection between this and a former work of hers, "Off the Skelligs," though it cannot be called a sequel, since "it opens before the first and runs on after it is finished." We cannot, we think, explain the plan of the author better than by making an extract from her preface to this edition. She says: "I have not aimed at producing a work of art at all, but a piece of nature. I have attempted to beguile my readers into something like a sense of reality; to make them fancy that they were reading the unskilled chronicle of things that really occurred, rather than some invented story as interesting as I knew how to make it. It seemed to me difficult to write, at least in prose, an artistic story; but easy to come nearer to life than most stories do. * * * It seemed proper, indeed, to crowd the pages with children, for in real life they run all over; the world is covered thickly with the prints of their little footsteps, though, as a rule, books written for grown-up people are kept almost clear of them." "Fated to be Free" cannot fail to secure wide popularity among all readers of culture.

In the Kitchen. By Elizabeth S. Miller, of Geneva, New York. Publishers, Lee & Shepard, Boston. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

This is a very handsome cook-book, tastefully bound, and printed in large type upon a very superior quality of paper. Some of the receipts it contains are French, other German, many from English books and from excellent American collections. Mrs. Elizabeth S. Miller, a daughter of the late Mr. Gerret A. Smith, exhibits in this volume a thorough knowledge of a subject which comes tangibly before us all at least three times a day.

The Bremen Lectures; or, Fundamental Living Religious Questions. By various eminent European Divines. Translated from the original German by Rev. D. Heagle; with an introduction by Alvah Hovey, D. D., President of Newton Theological Institution. Publishers, D. Lothrop & Co., Boston. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

When these lectures were first published in Germany the attention of Dr. Hovey was called to them, and he found them, he says, on perusal, so rich in thought and admirable in style, that he considered them worthy of being put into the English language for the benefit of American readers. They are characterized by candor and breadth of view, as well as by logical force and zeal for Christian truth.

British Novelists and Their Styles; being a critical sketch of the history of British Prose Fiction. By David Masson, M. A., author of "Life and Times of John Milton." Publishers, D. Lothrop & Co., Boston. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

Haupt's Centennial Railway Guide-Map of Philadelphia. Publishers, Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

This will be an invaluable guide to all visitors to the Quaker City in the Centennial or any other year, giving, as it does, all the leading streets of the city, and all the passenger railway lines, distinctly laid down on them, and denoting by different colors all the principal buildings of the city, such as depots, hotels, places of amusement, parks, etc. Everyone should possess himself with one of these handy, low priced, and tastily gotten-up maps.

Sypkelmoore's Illustrated Hand-book of Philadelphia. Publishers, Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

A very complete and handsomely illustrated volume, containing much valuable and interesting information regarding the history and topography of Philadelphia, and minute descriptions of its principal buildings and numerous places of interest. In view of the approaching Centennial, this hand-book of Philadelphia is sure to have an immense circulation among the many thousands of strangers who will be naturally curious to learn all they can of the city.

RECEIPTS
GENERAL AND DOMESTIC

PASTE BLACKING.—Ivory black, one pound; treacle, half a pound; olive oil and oil of vitriol, of each, two ounces; water, a sufficient quantity.

LIQUID BLACKING.—Rub well together one pound of ivory black in fine powder, three-quarters of a pound of treacle, and two ounces of sweet oil. Afterwards add one pint of vinegar, and the same quantity of beer.

INK STAINS ON BOOKS AND ENGRAVINGS.—They may be removed by applying a solution of oxalic acid citric acid or tartaric acid upon the paper without fear of damage. These acids take out writing-ink, but do not interfere with the printing.

THERE seem to be few people who know it, but it is nevertheless true, that if you hold between your teeth a pair of scissors, a steel knife, or almost any other iron or steel substance, you will not weep during the process of peeling onions.

CLEANING WALLS.—Walls that have been whitewashed and need cleaning can be much improved in looks by passing a soft brush broom back and forth over the surface of the wall. To clean wall paper, tie a small bag of bran over the brush end of a broom and pass it up and down over the wall. Shake up the contents of the bag occasionally, and remove the dust from the bag by brushing with a small brush-broom.

TO REMOVE WARTS FROM THE HANDS.—Purchase a dime's worth of spirits of hartshorn; bathe the warts, or, if very numerous, that portion of the hand where the warts are, with a small portion of the spirits of hartshorn each night and morning for about three weeks, not washing the hands immediately after. The use of it will not cause any pain, unless it comes in contact with a cut or bruise. A cure is usually effected in about three weeks.

VALUABLE RECIPE.—The following was given us by a mother whose infant child, she is sure, has been cured of a wasting diarrhœa by its use. In many cases of this kind it has been found an invaluable remedy when all others have failed: In one pint of port wine dissolve a half pound of loaf sugar; mix with a tablespoonful of flour three or four of water; stir till smooth; add this to the wine and sugar, and scald all together. Keep in a cool place. For a dose give a teaspoonful three or four times a day. The port wine must be genuine, not a mixture of logwood and bad whisky.

NEWS OF INTEREST

A MONUMENT is proposed to the late General Thomas Francis Meagher in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia.

THERE are now five telegraphic cables between Europe and the United States of an aggregate length of nine thousand and twenty-six miles.

IT is reported that prominent English merchants have chartered the steamer Great Eastern to run between Liverpool and Philadelphia during the Centennial.

THE Spotted Tail and Red Cloud Indians have signed an agreement relinquishing their claims in Nebraska. They want $11,600 in horses; $9000 in cows; $2100 in harness; and $2300 in wagons.

THE construction of a gun weighing one hundred tons has been begun by Sir William Armstrong in England. This gun is to be a muzzle-loader, seventeen-inch bore, and, if successful, will be the most powerful weapon ever constructed.

PROFESSOR DONALDSON and three members of the press made a balloon ascension from Toronto one day last month, and next day were picked up by a vessel five miles off Point Peter, on Lake Ontario. They report having suffered great hardship, being in the water four hours, clinging to the basket of the balloon, which was dragged through the water at a fearful speed.

THE postage to and from Europe will be reduced on July 1st to five cents the half ounce, except to France, Spain, Portugal and Greece, where the reduction will not take place until January 1st proximo. As the correspondence between Europe and the United States has become immense, this reduction, while it will scarcely interfere with the aggregate postage income, will be a decided relief to people on both sides of the Atlantic.

SINGING MILKMAIDS.—Verily music hath charms for many a dull ear, and is even profitable, too, where least expected. In Switzerland, a milkmaid who is a good singer gets more salary than others, because under the influence of music the cows "give down" better and give more milk. An Orange county farmer thinks seriously of trying to hire Parepa-Rosa and Kellogg to sing round his pump.

$50,000 WILL BE PAID FOR ANY remedy which will cure Chronic Rheumatism, Pains in the Limbs, Back and Chest, Sore Throat, Insect Stings, Croup, Dysentery, Colic, Sprains and Vomiting, quicker than Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment, established in 1847; never fails. Sold by the Druggists. Depot, 10 Park Place, N. Y.

A Lady

Returning to her home in the country after a sojourn of a few weeks in the city, was hardly recognized by her friends; in place of a coarse, rustic, flushed face, she had a soft, clear, smooth and beautiful skin, and instead of thirty, which she was, she really appeared but eighteen. Upon inquiry as to the cause of so great a change, she frankly told them that she had been using George W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth," and it was this invaluable acquisition to the toilet that made the wonderful change. Sold at all druggists.

Depot, 5 Gold Street, New York. Price 75 cents.

OBSERVATIONS ON

NASAL CATARRH.

An abstract from a forthcoming work on diseases of the throat and air-passages, by A. N. WILLIAMSON, M. D., late Clinical Physician in the University Medical College, New York City. Mailed to any address for 10 cents. Address the author, 29 East 20th street, N. Y.

DR. WILLIAMSON'S great success in the treatment of Catarrhal and throat and lung affections, renders valuable whatever comes from his pen."—*Journal of Medical Science.*

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1821 FOUNDED AUG 4TH A.D. 1821

Saturday Evening, July 31, 1875.

Vol. 55, No. 1—Contents.

First Page.
Poem—"What the Breakers Sang to Me."
Illustration—Yachting at the Seaside.
Through Forbidden Paths, Chaps. V, VI.
Second Page.
Through Forbidden Paths, continued.
Poem—"Happy Days."
A Gift From Heaven, Chapters XXIII, XXIV.
Third Page.
A Gift From Heaven, continued.
Reviewers.
News of Interest.
Receipts.
Fourth Page.
Our Fifty-Fifth Volume.
A Night of the Round Table.
Yachting at the Seaside.
Tom's Adventure.
Centennial Items.
Personal Items.
Fifth Page.
Our Boys and Girls: Golden Hair.
Poem—"Household Dates."
Cast Up By the Sea. Chapter XIII.
Sixth Page.
Cast Up By the Sea. Continued.
Poem—"What is Heaven?
Hetty Morse.
Facetiæ.
Our Own Sphinx.
Seventh Page.
Scientific Acquirements.
A Tale of the Catacombs.
Advertisements.
Eighth Page.
Boudoir.
A Warm Corner in Africa.
Watering Place Items.
Illustrated Language of Flowers.
Correspondents' Bureau. Answers to all Inquirers.

YACHTING AT THE SEASIDE.

Those who have never yet visited one of the seaside bathing places off the Atlantic coast know little of the strong, life-giving breezes which come from the ocean. They give new life at every breath. They seem to course along the veins like electricity itself. They are almost enough to "create a soul under the ribs of death." Take car from the hot, sultry, sirocco-like atmosphere of Philadelphia, where the depressed and panting citizen sits half baked, with scarce energy enough left to brush off a meddlesome fly, and as you approach the cape, smell, taste and feel the salt breezes coming from old ocean, lifting your hair, fanning your hot cheeks, playing in cool breezes about your person, it becomes a fresh revelation to you; you are straightway a new creature. Your back stiffens, your eye brightens, your thoughts become nimble and alert, and all is life and animation where before was stupor and stagnation. Sidney Smith once said on an oppressively hot day that he wished he could "put off his flesh and sit in his bones." Standing a few feet off a vigorous in-rolling surf, and under a stiff sea breeze from the Atlantic, is the next thing to this skeletonic circulation.

The favorite amusement at the seaside is yachting. Good sailing boats, holding from twenty to forty persons, are always at command, and sailing or fishing parties of ladies, gentlemen and children—just like the one represented in our cut—are frequently out on the ocean. Thus some little knowledge can be had of "A life on the ocean wave," and it must be confessed that when the weather is pleasant, and when there is little motion, such sailing excursions—"Youth at the prow and Pleasure at the helm"—no recreation furnishes more satisfaction than such an one. Sometimes, however, a dead calm occurs, when the yacht looks "like a painted ship upon a painted ocean," and the pleasure party is kept in the hot broiling sun for hours, until the skin almost peels from the face. At other times a strong wind comes up and vexes and tosses the water into heaving billows. Then comes that most nauseating and horrible of all attacks, seasickness, the victims taking every variety of ungraceful attitudes, "casting up their accounts with the ocean," and praying to be taken home and "put in their little beds."

Let us believe, however, that the company in our illustration had not that fate. The artist has given us a charming picture, full of life, of beauty and kindly feeling, of youthful animation and more mature and placid happiness. It is yachting at its best, with just breeze enough to send the vessel merrily on her way, and not enough to disturb the children even in their play. The vessel "steadies on an even keel;" and care may come to-morrow if it must, but shall be banished to-day.

FIFTY-FIFTH VOLUME!

With this issue we begin the Fifty-fifth Volume of the Post.

We think this a fitting opportunity to give, for the benefit of our readers and the public in general, a few extracts, "Brief Opinions from Letters and the Press," which express the estimation in which this journal is held by those most competent to form an opinion of its merits and deserts.

Without any further comment, we thank our patrons for their substantial encouragement in the past, and believe that they will in no wise be disappointed at the result of our efforts for their benefit in the future.

BRIEF OPINIONS FROM LETTERS AND THE PRESS.

HILLSBORO', O., June 7, 1875.
Please find enclosed P. O. order for my Fifty-second year subscription to your valuable paper. You can have but few older subscribers, and none who values the Post more highly than your old friend. J. B. SHINN.

BLOUNT SPRINGS, Ala., June 3, 1875.
The more I see of the Post, the better I like it, and would not now give it up for ten times the sum it costs. Continue to send it to me, and hunt up last week's number please, as it has not come. I dislike to lose the connection of the articles published in it.
Very sincerely, MARY C. DUFFEE.

WEST BROOKFIELD, Mass., June 25, 1875.
ED. SAT. EVE. POST:—Enclosed please find ($1 00) my *fiftieth* annual subscription to the Post. An old friend, and correspondingly valued.
Very truly, HARRISON HATHAWAY.

CRAWFORD, Ga., Jan. 18, 1875.
* * * * * My grandmother before me took the dear old Post, and now my little daughter thinks she cannot do without it.
Yours, very truly,
Mrs. WM. J. DAVENPORT.

GRAND LANE, Liberty Co., Texas, Dec., 1874.
Enclosed please find $4.00. I wish to continue your paper. I am an old subscriber. The first number of the Post I ever saw being in 1829, when I was in my teens. In 1833, I became a subscriber for the paper until the war; after the war I sent for it again, and have now become so attached to it that it is like an old friend, and I wish to take it while I live, as I think the Post is as good a literary paper as we have. Mrs. H. A. FARRIOR.

STEWARTSVILLE, Mo., March 15, 1875.
"Allow me to say the Post is so well appreciated that the whole family looks sour until they get to read it."
Mrs. ANNIE PRITCHARD.

CINCINNATI, O., Dec. 20, 1874.
"We think the moral and refining influence of the Post is great in our family circle, and we have many anxious inquiries about it from our children. If it should be a day later than usual." Yours, respectfully,
R. J. HOWDON.

MASON CITY, Ills., Jan. 4, 1875.
I have taken the Post for over fifteen years, and can't keep house without it.
T. HARRY PRICE.

EVANSVILLE, Ind., March 15, 1875.
I have been a subscriber for your most excellent paper since the year 1830, and have come to regard it as one of the weekly essentials for the happiness of the family. The children feel quite distressed at the non-appearance of their old favorite, whenever by chance it happens to be a day or so late.
Very respectfully, Dr. G. B. WALKER.

GOODLAND, Ind., Dec. 31, 1874.
Endorsed please find $1 00 for my subscription another year to the good old Saturday Evening Post. I have taken it between twenty and thirty years, and it has become one of the family and we don't know how to do without it. Respectfully, yours,
Mrs. DELIA M. MILES.

ANGELICA, N. Y., Jan 1, 1875.
We can't think of living without the Post to read. We look for it as we would for an old familiar friend. We have taken it for a great many years. Very respectfully,
Mrs. WM. SHOFF.

SPRING VALLEY, Minn., June 14, 1875.
My wife swears by the "Post," and I believe domestic peace should be secured at all hazards, to say nothing of my own liking for the paper. May the new firm live long and prosper, where grasshoppers are as strangers, and where subscriptions are paid in greenbacks instead of wheat at 75 cents a bushel!
Yours, J. J. SARGENT.

DANVILLE, Mo., March 15, 1875.
I have been taking your paper nearly forty years. As I grow older, the Post seems to get younger. You may consider me a life member. Truly, yours,
THOMAS W. POUND.

HIGHLAND, Ills., Dec. 30, 1874.
This is the twenty-fourth year I have been taking the Saturday Evening Post regularly, and could not now live without it.
Mrs. ALDIS SIDLER.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Dec. 28, 1874.
Again I make my annual visit with my club, not so large as usual, owing to the panic and scarcity of money. I think I must be about the oldest subscriber now that you have on your list. I commenced taking it in 1826, and have a receipt for my subscription for 1827, and my family would feel lost without it.
SAM'L C. LEWIS, 35th and Mary Sts.

JONATHAN'S CREEK, Haywood Co. N. C., Dec. 15, 1874.
I cannot close this without adding my testimony to that of many others as to the improved character of the "Post" since under your management. I hope your efforts to interest and instruct your readers will be rewarded in a more substantial way than by such compliments as this and others similar to it. I was a subscriber to the "Post" about forty years ago, when it was published by S. C. Atkinson, I believe. I was then quite a young man, and the emotions of pleasure and delight with which it was received into my little family every week, is still fresh in my mind. I thought then that there was no paper of the kind equal to it, and I still think so. After a few years providential circumstances so placed me that I had to give up the pleasure of reading the "Post," but I ever regarded it as a friend that had afforded me and my family many hours of pleasant reading after the toils of the week were over, and the sight of the paper or the mention of it never failed to awaken feelings of pleasure, and also of regret that the pleasure could not still be enjoyed. Direct as before to Jonathan's Creek, Haywood County, N. C.
JAMES PARKS.

The Saturday Evening Post was established on the 4th of August, 1821, and has therefore completed its Fifty fourth Volume. It has faithfully maintained its well-earned reputation as a chaste and popular literary journal throughout all these fifty-four years, and stands to-day at the head of its contemporaries both in Europe and America. Printed in quarto form, it contains forty-eight columns, forty-six of which are regularly devoted to interesting reading matter, for which the proprietors pay high prices, preferring to do this rather than to fill up its columns with advertisements at any price.—*From Clipper, Brownsville, Penna.*

Saturday Evening Post.—Last May we called the attention of our readers to this sterling literary weekly, and predicted that under the new management it would take a new lease of life and become one of the best of its class. A glance at it shows that we predicted true, and to-day it is not only the best in this country but the handsomest. Free from all the sensational blood and thunder stories, so common now-a-days, it presents to its readers only the cream of literature, and numbers among its corps of contributors such well-known authors as Charles Morris, Esq., Margaret M. Hosmer, Captain Clewline, whose "Gentleman Dick," the best boys' story ever published, is now running in its columns, Amanda M. Douglass, Burr Thornbury and a host of others.—*From York County Independent, Saco, Maine.*

The Saturday Evening Post, founded in 1821, and probably the oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States, has added to its many attractions by incorporating with it the *Peoples Illustrated Monthly* of Pittsburgh, and in future will combine the best and most popular features of both journals. To the choice and varied literature, which has always made the Post a welcome visitor in families, handsome illustrations, with extra supplements and fashion plates, will be added.—*From "American Journalist," Phila.*

The Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia. We cannot too highly praise this old, popular, and well-known family weekly. It is different entirely from the flash (so called literary) sensational papers of the day. Full of good home reading, none need fear to take it into the household. In the days of "auld lang syne," we all remember its welcome visits to the households of our section. To those who are on the active stage of life now—instead of the elders who have passed to the "land of shadows," but who in life loved the "Saturday Evening Post"—we commend it. It is as youthful and bright now as when a half century ago it contributed so much to the happiness and pleasure of the homes of many of our fathers and grandfathers. Take it.—*Old Commonwealth, Harrisonburgh, Va.*

That capital literary paper, the Saturday Evening Post, has incorporated with itself the *Peoples Illustrated Monthly*, of Pittsburgh, and now offers its readers a number of acceptable new features.—*Daily Herald, Norristown, Pa.*

The Saturday Evening Post.—Signs of new and more vigorous life are everywhere made apparent upon the pages of this old and favorite family journal, and the vitality that has been infused into it by its new publishers must again place it in the fore-front of the weekly story papers. It is edited with remarkable intelligence and vigor, and best of all, with singular purity. The Saturday Evening Post is just the sort of paper that may, not only with safety, but with certain profit and entertainment, find a place in every home. The engravings, illustrative of the letter press, are of far greater excellence than is often found in the weekly papers, and the form and appearance of the Post are as fair as the most fastidious reader could desire.—*Inquirer, Philadelphia.*

Saturday Evening Post.—The Saturday Evening Post, one of the oldest and best illustrated weekly story papers in the country, has incorporated with itself the *Peoples Illustrated Monthly* of Pittsburgh, and the editorial force, the contributors, and the accumulated material of the two, hereafter, will be used in making the Post a first-class paper. It is now, as it always has been, free from objectionable matter of every kind, and worthy of a place in any family.—*Daily Express, Easton, Pa.*

We find among our exchanges this week the Saturday Evening Post, the oldest literary paper in America. It was established in 1821, and has ever since been improving and growing in favor with the people, as is evidenced by the age, beautiful typography, and immense circulation which it now has, as well as the interesting matter which it contains. Send for it, for it is one of the best literary papers published in the United States, and is undoubtedly the oldest.—*Kansas News, Kansas.*

The Saturday Evening Post, an ever welcome visitor, announces that the *Peoples Illustrated Monthly* of Pittsburgh, Pa., has been consolidated with the Post, which is now issued as an illustrated weekly. The Post has long been the best literary paper published, and the combination now effected will make it even more attractive. We trust the enterprise will be rewarded by an increased circulation.—*Planet Embro, Oxford, Ontario.*

The Saturday Evening Post is one of the old reliables. Fifty-five years is the mature age it has reached, and yet this would not be suspected by the reader, as it is as sprightly and brilliant as ever.—*Literary Gem, Schoolcraft, Mich.*

The Saturday Evening Post is one of our most sterling literary journals, abounding in good reading matter. It is chaste in tone, and a welcome visitor to every household. Nothing is allowed to appear in its columns that can in any manner give offence to the most cultivated and refined people.—*Weekly Republican, Selma, Ala.*

A Good Paper.—The Saturday Evening Post, one of the oldest and best literary papers published in the United States, comes regularly to our sanctum. It is one of the permanent institutions of Philadelphia, and has been a favorite with the people for over fifty years. For a good paper send for the Post.—*Virginia People, Newbern, Va.*

TOM'S ADVENTURE.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

The prettiest girl in Kent Corners was Clara Tabor. She had the most bewildering blue eyes, and knew how to use them to the best advantage in ensnaring the hearts of susceptible young men. There wasn't a youth for miles around who wouldn't have given all he was worth for the sake of winning her.

But Miss Clara had narrowed her fascinations down in much the same way our grandmothers used to narrow a stocking. Among the young men who besieged her, like moths who singe their wings in the light of a candle, there were only two upon whom she seemed to look with much favor.

John Croft was a well-to-do young farmer, with a good, sturdy heart, and hands brown with toil. He had always had a strong liking for Clara, and of late that liking had developed into most marked attention on his part. Clara was all smiles and fascination when he was with her, and he believed he could win her; and such was the opinion of those who knew the young lady best. But she was rather inclined to play the coquette, and John was not quite as sure about the state of her affections as he would have liked to be. But he resolved to take his own time in carrying on the courtship, and not be hurried into premature proposal by any jealous fear of his rival.

Tom Roberts was clerk in the little store at the village, and had some money in his own right. He was a dapper sort of a fellow, and made much more show in society than John Croft did; but John was not at all ambitious to show off, and his manly modest way was vastly more to his credit than Tom's forwardness. But some young ladies like a showy fellow, and many people thought Clara would prefer Tom to John, because he was fonder of parties and gayety of that sort, and would be apt to take her into a more brilliant circle, in time, than she could ever hope to shine in as the wife of a farmer. There were others who thought that Clara really cared for only John, and kept Tom dancing attendance to give her other lover the idea that he had a dangerous rival, and in that way hurry up his rather slow courtship, of which she was beginning to tire. Be that as it may, John did not hurry in the matter until he began to think it was imperatively necessary for him to do so.

He began to think it time for him to find out how matters stood between him and Clara one Sunday afternoon, when he and a friend of his overheard a conversation between Tom and a friend of his. John and his friend had been strolling about in the woods, and had sat down under a tree to rest, completely hidden from any passers-by by the drooping branches. Pretty soon Tom and his companion came walking up the road slowly, and they were talking about Clara.

"I'm going up to see her this evening," said Tom; "and I'm going to ask her to marry me. I don't know whether she cares more for me than she does for John Croft, or not, but I think if I ask her first, I'll get her."

"I'll tell you what it is," said John, to his friend, "I'm going to see Clara and ask her the very same question. I'll get the start of him."

Tom was visiting at his cousin's that day, and this cousin lived opposite John's farm. John thought he would start quite early, and get the start of his rival by getting there before he did; but a friend came in and John could not get away from him; and when he announced his intention of staying to tea, matters began to look dubious.

"I'll tell you how I'll fix it," said John Lee, who had been with him that afternoon, and overheard Tom's announcement of his intention, "I'm going home now, and I'll stay and see him, and tell him you are going up there, and advise him to cut across lots, if he wants to get there first. Now Brown has turned his old sheep out in that lot of his, and you know he'll knock over anybody that comes along. He'll be sure to see Tom, and if he *sees* him, he'll tree him, sure as fate, and you'll have a chance to get ahead of him."

"Do it, and I'll give you a new hat," said John, enthusiastically.

"Agreed," and George was off.

He was as good as his word. He stopped and saw Tom, and in the most natural way in the world let out that John was going over to see Clara, and he guessed he was going to propose. Of course Tom was on the alert then, and George, much interested in Tom's welfare and success, innocently advised him to take the path over the hill through the field, or he would be too late, as he was sure John had started.

Tom set off, and reached the field. He clambered over the fence unsuspectingly. It was quite dusky. He had almost reached the road when he heard a hoarse bleat behind him, and turned to see a sheep with ferocious looking horns bearing down upon him like a gunboat.

He looked wildly round. His only refuge was a stump close by, and he clambered on it just as the sheep came thundering up, giving the stump a blow that must have made it tremble to the end of its roots.

"Good Lord!" cried Tom, pale as death. "He'd have killed me if I hadn't got out of his way. What'll I do? He'll keep me here all night?"

He began to make frantic gestures at the sheep, who only lowered his head and shook his horns threateningly.

"Go 'long! you old brute," said poor Tom, flourishing his hat in the face of his woolly majesty. "Shoo!"

But the sheep didn't choose to "shoo." He evidently had made up his mind to keep his prisoner there till he capitulated.

Tom heard steps coming down the road, and pretty soon the steps were accompanied by a whistle that he knew belonged to John Croft. The sound of it made Tom desperate. He flung his hat in the woolly monster's face, and then gave an awful leap in the opposite direction. But the sheep wasn't to be fooled so easily. Before Tom had gone two rods the horns of the watchful animal struck him forcibly in the rear, and sent him sprawling down the hill at least ten feet. He saw stars in all directions. He lay there for a minute or two, fully believing that his back was broke. Then he tried to get up, but at the first indication of getting up on the part of his victim the sheep drew back, shaking his head, and giving vent to threatening sounds that warned Tom it was safer for him to lay still.

And lay there he did for six or seven of the longest hours he ever knew. More than once he made desperate efforts to get on his feet, but the sheep never left his post. When Tom stirred, he was up and ready to renew the rather one-sided battle. To Tom that side was a rather bruised and sore one.

The moon came up by and by, and everything was light as day, when he heard John Croft coming back, and he knew by his jubilant whistle that it was all right between him and Clara. He lay still, hoping his rival would pass by without seeing him.

But John had seen him "up a stump" when he went by on his way to the mansion of his beloved, and hadn't the least idea of going by now.

"Hullos!" he called out, stopping by the fence and looking over. "Who's that?"

"It's me," answered Tom, sheepishly. "This confounded old brute has nearly killed me. I swear I'll kill him, if I hang for it."

"Let me help you out of your trouble," said John.

And he climbed on the fence to attract the attention of the sheep, who charged valiantly at him, thus giving Tom a chance to make his escape.

"I want you to come to my wedding in about a month. Clara'll send you an invitation, too," said John, when Tom was safely in the road. "I hope you won't feel sore to-morrow. Good night."

Tom felt sore in more ways than one already. He said good night in a not very gracious mood, and waited until his lucky rival was out of sight, then, with stern determination in his eyes, he began to carry stones together in a corner of the fence, while the sheep, who had been the cause of so much trouble, stood on the other side watching him.

When he had accumulated quite a collection of geological specimens, he began operations. He climbed on the fence with as big a stone as he could handle, and waited for a good opportunity. The sheep evidently thought he was defying him, for he charged into the fence, and down dropped the stone on the back of his head, stunning him.

Tom fairly shouted in exultation. He jumped down and pounded the poor sheep with that stone until he was half dead, calling him an old brute and other names equally expressive. When the animal was nearly exhausted by this new style of warfare, Tom got a rail and managed to get it fastened in the fence like a lever, and then dragged the bewildered sheep up to it and inserted his neck between it and another rail.

"I've got you now," chuckled Tom, bearing down on the death-dealing instrument he had devised. "I'll bet you won't knock anybody else down, you old fool."

For fifteen minutes he kept it in the same position. At the end of that time the sheep was very nearly gone to the spirit world, and Tom had his revenge.

A NIGHT OF THE ROUND TABLE.

BY REV. DR. BADGER.

"He's a fool," said Doctor Gayland's rich aunt.

Somebody had just told her, that the doctor was to be married to Miss Molly Bawn.

"A young, thoughtless girl!" cried the old lady; "how will she keep his house? What sort of a mother will she be to his children?"

But Miss Sowerby has confessed her mistake. She is a frequent visitor at the doctor's; and Molly's two children, Stamps and little Fan, are on an equality in her will with Ernest, Caroline and Sue. A happier family it would be hard to find; or one whose members looked more to each other for contentment. Even to go to places of amusement they seldom separate of an evening, and the doctor, unless his time is completely taken up usually contrives to spend three hours, from half-past seven to half-past ten, with his wife and children. They gather about a large centre-table in the front parlor, where each has an established place; where there is ample room for all, and space even for a friend or two, quietly welcomed to the home circle. The whereof, the nucleus, so to speak, is this vast article of furniture, which can be folded up, or taken apart, or somehow disposed of, when not wanted, and has become so completely a household institution that Mrs. Gayland has given to the quiet home evenings the name of "Nights of the Round Table."

"Looking in," as Mr. Slipkin expressed it, some week or two since, however, upon our friends we were surprised and pained to see, that the evening was not passing happily. The doctor was hiding behind his newspaper; Miss Sowerby, who happened to be present, was knitting nervously, and dropping her stitching; even Mrs. Gayland's usual serenity was like a fountain troubled; and, while trying to entertain us, she kept glancing uneasily at one and another of the children.

The children! aha! The cloud that shadowed the round table had evidently and actually risen in their "sunny atmosphere." Not only were they beginning much later than usual over their lessons; but they were scowling, pouting, weeping or sleeping over them. Ernest was turning the leaves of a huge Greek lexicon, as if it were a forest and he the northeast wind. Caroline, with traces of tears on her cheeks, was knitting her pretty forehead over an appalling sum in banking. Sue, beside a preposterous pile of volumes, was trying to get the ideas from her head down upon her composition paper, by the simple expedient of laying the one on top of the other; and Stamps was at work with some Latin lesson book, over which he was making as many grimaces as a monkey. Little Fanny at her mother's knee, basked in a gleam of moral sunshine, in virtue of her extreme youth.

Believing, that every cloud from the halcyon skies of childhood must have a silver lining, we watched over our opportunity to turn it inside out.

Stamps furnished the occasion, by stamping, pulling his forelock in desperation, slapping his school book with his open palm, and groaning in a stage whisper:

"I can't make 'em make sense!"

"Now Stamps," we asked, "what's the matter?"

"Three hounds killed a hatter," growled the exasperated Stamps.

"Leave the room, sir!" cried his father, indignantly. While his mother gave the boy, as he rose to obey, a look that made him color from his collar to his hair.

"Stay," said we, "the apology ought to come from us. Stamps is harassed with work and worry; pray let our intercession in his behalf prevail."

"Well," the doctor assented, "as you ask it, he may stay, if he begs pardon." (We shook hands with Stamps). "But I am amazed, mortified, shocked!"

"I am not," said Miss Sowerby.

"Nor I," chimed in Mr. Slipkin. "All the children, except little Fanny here, have been goaded to desperation this evening; I can see that. With your leave I will be teacher for a little while."

He withdrew to the back parlor followed by all the young people, including even Sue whom the commotion roused; and in half an hour, came back again surrounded by a merry group, not one member of which seemed to have a care in the world.

"You are invaluable," said Mrs. Gayland, rewarding the good-natured bachelor with a smile. "Couldn't you come every evening?"

"Thank you," returned Mr. Slipkin. "But tell me; does somebody have to help these youngsters always?"

"Either the doctor or I. To-night we both struck and you saw the result."

"Well," muttered Miss Sowerby, "if I kept a watch-dog I certainly would not do my own barking."

"What do you mean, Aunt Betsy?"

"Where do them children go to school?" inquired Aunt Betsy, who, though rich, is honest, but not always grammatical.

"The boys, to Doctor Gilborn, the girls, to Mrs. Van Spouter."

"That grass widow!" Aunt Betsy exclaimed; "well, I never!"

"A most excellent teacher, though," said Mrs. Gayland.

"Of woman's rights she may be; but if she is, yes, and if he is, too, why don't they teach the children themselves, instead of leaving it to you, while they collect the bills—which are big enough—I've seen 'em."

"All difficult lessons, at least," said Mr. Slipkin, "if not all of any kind, should be prepared in school, under the teacher's eye. To be a pupil of Dr. Gilborn's was one of my own mishaps; and, so far as he covenanted to teach, I must say, that, like the quack doctor in "marriage-a-la-mode," the eminent gentleman was paid for what he did not perform.

"But, Mr. Slipkin," spoke up Ernest, "Doctor Gilborn says we ought to find out things for ourselves."

"Then, my young friend, why go to him to show you?"

"Exactly!" said Aunt Betsy Sowerby. "That there Gullboy has every kind of sense but common sense."

"His only idea of instruction," added Mr. Slipkin, "is driving pupils to study. If he were asked to define the verb 'to teach,' he would reply 'to make a boy learn.'"

"Well," said the doctor, "that is the English method."

"And suits the English," returned Mr. Slipkin, "if it did not they would change it. It does not suit Americans, yet we are slow to change it."

"Doctor Gilborn," observed Mrs. Gayland, "is an Englishman."

"Not he!" exclaimed Mr. Slipkin, "he's an Irishman. But if he were a Japanese, I should still object to his ideas, that to teach is to cause to learn, and that the true way to learn is to make mistakes, and correct them."

"To learn by making mistakes!" cried Ernest.

"Yes, the 'try, try again' principle, on which your sister was puzzling over that sum in banking. The same on which Stamps could not make his words make sense; the same on which you have spent most of the evening turning over the leaves of a dictionary. The true way to learn is get the 'reasons why' clearly in your mind and then to practice by constant correct repetitions."

"But Doctor Gilborn," urged Ernest, "says, for instance, that to look up words in a dictionary so fixes them in the mind that you never forget them."

This absurdity was greeted with a laugh, in which even Mrs. Gayland joined, and Ernest was encouraged to add:

"Yes he does, now, honest. And there's lots of words I ought to know pretty well, for I always have to hunt 'em up every new lesson."

"Ha! ha!" cried Aunt Betsy; and the rest chimed in; save Ernest, who looked utterly amazed at the effect of his argument.

"Your felicitous case in point settles the question, my boy," said his father.

"Yes, I think it does," Mr. Slipkin remarked. "Oh, this classical education, as it is called! Let us see what it is! In its present shape, smattering of mythology—the Arabian Nights in another form! and the acquisition of college degree I admit; but besides that of what? Little Latin and less Greek! Not one graduate in a hundred can read either language at sight. When my friend Johnson tried to make sight reading a feature of the examinations at the Transylvania University, it almost raised the roof. The faculty knew it could not be done. And why? Because modern teachers forget that language is addressed to the ear, as much as music is; and try to teach it to the eye. Also, because they teach the grammar both of Latin and Greek and leave the meaning of the words to be acquired from dictionaries, instead of exercising their pupils by means of translations, where the context helps the memory to acquire meanings, as a distinct branch of the study."

"Translations!" exclaimed both the boys aghast, "why the doctor says——"

"I know he does," interrupted Mr. Slipkin. "And," he continued, "in consequence of this lack of proper instruction, the time that should be given to other languages and other studies is wasted over Latin and Greek; which by the shorter method might be far better learned. I taught my sister Suspiria on that plan; and in four months from the time she began, she could translate indifferently from either language into English, or from English back again, as fast as I could read the words to her." With this impressive statement he rose to take his leave.

"Oh, Mr. Slipkin!" exclaimed Caroline, "is there no similar plan for mathematics."

"Yes," said he, "but I have no time to talk about it now; wait till I come again. Then if anybody is curious, I shall be happy to answer questions."

"Didn't you tell me," asked the doctor accompanying us to the door, "that your friend, Fitz Adam, taught the classics on your principles."

"Yes."

"I'll think about sending the boys to him. I wish he'd take the girls too," said the doctor. "Good night." And, looking back, we saw him standing at the door, ruminating.

Centennial Items.

Japan has appointed commissioners to the Philadelphia Centennial.

The French Assembly recently voted a grant of $120,000 to promote a worthy representation of France at the United States Centennial Exhibition.

Of the larger European States Russia is the only one which, up to the present time, has declined to encourage participation in the Centennial Exhibition.

Allotments of space are now being made to foreign exhibitors at the Philadelphia Centennial grounds, and Americans should not delay their application.

China has appropriated 40,000 taels for representation at the Centennial. The local government of Hong-chou will send 10,000 taels worth of porcelain and silks.

The National Council has voted an appropriation of 25,000f. to defray the expenses of a proper representation of Swiss products and industry at the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition.

The Paris *Journal Officiel* publishes a decree appointing a special committee for the purpose of encouraging Frenchmen to participate in the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition.

A Joint resolution, appropriating $15,000 to the stock subscription to the Philadelphia Centennial, was passed by the Legislature of New Hampshire on the 2d inst. A joint resolution, appropriating $5,000 to defray New Hampshira's expense at the Centennial, was also passed.

Thirteen States have made appropriations for the Centennial, New Jersey leading off with $100,000; Massachusetts gives $50,000; Ohio, $13,000; little Delaware, $10,000; and other States ranging from $500 to $5,000—the total amount thus far appropriated, including the general appropriation of $505,500 by Congress, being $700,500.

Professor Baird is to have an entire building at the Centennial devoted exclusively to an exhibition of fish and fish culture. He will exhibit upward of six hundred plaster casts of food fishes peculiar to the coast of America. The display will also include models of every description of fishing-smack boats, seines, nets, and all the paraphernalia used in the catching, caring for, and curing of fish.

No one can at present form more than a conjecture as to what the whole collection of the Centennial buildings with their surroundings will look like when completed, for the approaches will be terraced and ornamented with fountains, grass, flowers, shrubbery and statues, and it is fully expected that the entire Exposition will cover *three hundred acres*. It is now anticipated that a separate building will have to be constructed under the auspices of the Ladies' Centennial Committee for the exhibition of women's work, the estimated cost of the structure being thirty thousand dollars. The building to be erected by the National Government at a cost of two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars will contain a museum in itself, inasmuch as it will include all the models from the Patent-Office and a great collection from the Smithsonian Institution and the Executive Departments, including the Indian Department. In many respects this will be one of the most interesting parts of the Exposition.

Personal Items.

Miss Charlotte Cushman is in good health, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding.

Mlle. Schneider, the queen of opera bouffe, has the prettiest residence on the Avenue des Bois de Bologne, Paris.

It is reported that the Marquis of Lorne and his wife (the Princess Louise) intend making a tour through the United States.

Miss Kate Field and Miss Clara Morris were among the passengers by the Republic for England on the 26th ultimo.

John Bright is writing his autobiography. It will appear in a short time, and will undoubtedly create considerable sensation.

The chateau of Arenberg, Switzerland, is being prepared for the residence of the ex-Empress and Prince Imperial of France.

An important confession is said to have been made by John Westervelt, the brother-in-law of one of the abductors of Charlie Ross.

A son of Brigham Young was among this year's graduating class at West Point. He came out fourth, out of a class of forty-five.

A Fair petitioner for divorce in Kentucky is thirteen years old, and the ground of her petition is that her husband abandoned her more than a year ago.

Charles J. Freak, whose residence in London accommodates about one thousand guests, and whose assemblies are the resort of the fashionable world, was originally a potboy.

John Lothrop Motley, the historian, who arrived a couple of weeks ago from Europe, has gone to Boston, where he will remain for several months. His health has much improved.

Franz Liszt was recently a guest of the King of Holland. On his departure he received from his royal patron an order of merit, a valuable writing-desk and 24,000 marks. A most harmonious combination.

Mr. Joseph Jefferson, intending to be absent for two years in Europe on a professional tour, has "entire elegant private establishment," including horses, carriages and cattle, was sold at auction in New York on the 28th ult.

We shall learn, by-and-by, how to write the name of the new Austrian Minister at Washington, but it is just as well that we do not have to speak it often. The accepted spelling appears to be Hoyasprienzenstein, though some of the papers get in a few more letters.

The Crown Princess of Germany wore a white dress and swandown wrap on the occasion of some recent festivities in honor of the King of Sweden in Berlin, and a correspondent says, in speaking of her, "She looked like a snowdrop just burst into full beauty."

Mortimer Thomson, remembered as "Doesticks," died in New York city last month, of consumption, aged forty-four years. For his second wife he married a daughter of "Fanny Fern," (sister to N. P. Willis). Mr. Thomson's funeral took place from the "Little Church Around the Corner."

GOLDENHAIR.

BY IDA FAY.

A great many years ago, when there were giants and fairies on the earth, there lived, in a village in Germany, a little girl called Goldenhair. Her real name was Gretchen, but everybody called her Goldenhair, because she had the most beautiful golden hair in the world. It was so long that it reached to her feet, as fine as a cobweb, wavy and rippling, and just the color of pure gold.

Now, you think, perhaps, that because she had such beautiful hair, she must have had a beautiful face and form; but it was not so. Goldenhair was a poor little deformed girl. She had an ugly hump on her back, and was all bent over like a very old woman; her face, too, was pinched and wrinkled, like an old woman's, and her eyes—great, pitiful-looking gray eyes—were dull and faded. There was nothing pretty about her, except her hair. But she was the kindest, most loving and helpful little girl that ever was. She and her grandmother lived alone in a little cottage, a mile from the village; and very often her grandmother was ill, and Goldenhair had to take the whole care of her; and sometimes when she was so ill and feeble, she was cross and irritable, and would scold Goldhair, though she loved her very much. But Goldenhair was always patient, and seemed cheerful and contented, though she had such a hard lot, and everybody said there wasn't so good a little girl as Goldenhair to be found anywhere.

All the children of the village loved Goldenhair, and liked to have her join them in their sports and games, because she was so kind and obliging; and she almost always forgot her misfortunes in the games, and was as happy and gay as any of them.

But the dances that were held every now and then on the village green, which the village children enjoyed most of anything, and to which all the little girls and boys for miles around came, dressed in their best, always gave more pain than pleasure to poor little Goldenhair; for no one ever asked her to dance, and the shepherd boys, who came from the mountains, always laughed at her. She would have gladly staid away from these merry-makings; but her grandmother, who was so old and blind that she could not see poor Goldenhair's deformity, always wished her to go. But one day, at the dance, she suffered so much from the laughter and taunts of some cruel boys, that she resolved never to go again.

They laughed at her crooked figure, and asked her, mockingly, why she didn't dance; and Goldenhair ran away from them, and set out for home, going across the fields so that nobody could see her, her eyes brimming over with tears, and her poor little heart almost bursting with grief.

"But I am thankful for my pretty hair," she said to herself, between her sobs. "Nobody can laugh at that."

Just as she spoke, a queer, little, shrill voice struck upon her ear—plaintive and distressed, as if some one were calling for help. Goldenhair ceased her sobbing, and looked about her in surprise.

Within a few feet of the spot where she stood, a cavity was dug in the ground, and from that the voice seemed to come. It had once been a well, but the water had long since dried away, and it was so shallow that Goldenhair knew that a man, or even a child, who had fallen into it, could easily climb out; and the voice sounded unlike that of either a child or a man—so thin, and feeble, and piping. What could it be?

She went up to the well, and looked down into it; and such a funny little figure as she saw. A little old man it looked like, though it was smaller than any man ever was—just the tiniest morsel of a creature—and he was jumping frantically up and down, weeping and bewailing, and wringing his wee hands.

Goldenhair knew at once that it must be a fairy, one of the good little folks of which her grandmother had told her, though she had never seen one before.

The little creature stopped wringing his hands as soon as he saw her, and cried out piteously:

"Oh, you will help me out—you will help me out, won't you?"

"Help you out? Oh, yes, indeed!" answered Goldenhair, quickly. "I'll run and get a stick, or a piece of rope, and you can cling to it, and I'll pull you up."

"Oh, no, no, no!" screamed the little creature; "that won't do at all. A wicked enchantress has imprisoned me here, and there is only one way for me to get out. And that is if I can find a person with hair as fine as a spider's web, as bright as gold, and long enough to reach to the bottom of this well, and who will cut it all off, and twist it into a rope, and reach it down to me. Then I can come up; but not until then, if it is not for a thousand years. The moment I saw your hair, I knew that the good Fairy Queen herself had sent you to my relief. Surely, you will not refuse to do so slight a thing as to cut off your hair to save me from so much suffering! If you do, I must stay here for ever, for I know there is no other person in the world who has such hair—as fine as a spider's web, as bright as gold, and long enough to reach to the bottom of this well."

Goldenhair shrank back involuntarily, when he proposed to her to cut off her beautiful hair, and his voice became a perfect shriek, and he began to leap frantically up and down again when he saw it.

"Oh, you will not, you cannot leave me here to suffer!" he cried.

Poor Goldenhair hardly knew what to say or think. The sight of the poor little creature's distress cut her to the heart: but how could she cut off her pretty golden hair—the only beauty she had, which concealed her deformity, and kept people from laughing at her as much as they would have done? And then, perhaps, he was a wicked fairy, and could get out of the well himself if he chose, and only wanted her to cut off her hair from malice, and had made up the story of the wicked enchantress. But her pity and kindness of heart triumphed; and Goldenhair ran home to get the scissors, and, without saying a word to her grandmother, ran back again as fast as her feet would carry her, so that her resolution need not fail before she got there. She sat down on the grass beside the well, and, raised the scissors to her hair. Snip, snip they went, and down fell lock after lock of the lovely golden hair, into her lap, and into the grass beside her, where it lay shimmering and glittering like pure gold.

At last it was all off, and poor little Goldenhair got up, her head covered only with little, short, bristling hair, and the ugly hump in her back entirely concealed, and twisting the hair she had cut off into a sort of rope, she held it down over the side of the well.

The little creature seized it eagerly, and Goldenhair drew him safely up; but the instant his feet touched the ground he vanished, and in his place there stood before Goldenhair's wondering eyes the most beautiful little lady that eyes ever beheld. She had wings of silver color, so bright that they dazzled Goldenhair's eyes, a tiny crown set with brilliants on her head, and a little silver wand in her hand. While Goldenhair was still rubbing her eyes, to find out whether she was awake or dreaming, the little lady spoke.

"I am the Queen of the Fairies," she said, in a soft voice, sweet and clear as a silver bell, "and I have heard a great many times what a good little girl you were, and I wanted to see if it was true; so I took the shape of that odd, little old-man-fairy whom you saw, and went down into the well. Now I know that you are really a kind-hearted, unselfish little girl, and you shall have your reward."

And she struck Goldenhair lightly with her wand three times, and then disappeared, while Goldenhair stood bewildered, with her eyes fixed on the spot where she had been.

All at once she felt that her form had grown taller and more erect. She put her hand up to her back, and the hump had entirely disappeared; then up to her head, where the stiff, short hairs had been, and there was her own hair back again, just as fine and bright and long as it was before she cut it off.

Then Goldenhair began to understand what her reward was to be—a beautiful form, and her golden hair back again. But how would her ugly face look with a beautiful form? A little way off a limpid brook went singing through the field, and Goldenhair ran to it, leant over, and looked in. Oh, what a pretty face she saw! She could hardly believe it was her own. The little, thin, wan cheeks had grown plump and round and rosy, the wrinkled forehead smooth and white as ivory, and the dull, gray eyes clear and bright. You may be sure Goldenhair was a very happy little girl, as she danced home over the fields.

At first the people who saw her could hardly believe that it was really Goldenhair, but after a while they saw that it must be she, for her hair was the same, and her face had the same gentle, patient expression that it had always worn, and she was the same kind, obliging little girl that she had been when her form was so awkward and misshapen, and her face so wan and wrinkled.

And all the shepherd boys who had laughed at her before were very glad to dance with her; and when people passed by the cottage door, where she sat with her netting, they always remarked how wonderfully pretty she was; and Goldenhair, though she was not at all vain, thought that it was very nice to be beautiful. But there are people who say she looked no more beautiful to them then than ever; that they could never think her ugly, because such a sweet, patient little heart had looked out through the dull, faded gray eyes.

Caught and Taught.

"Pooh! who cares for that?" cried the Blue-bottle, bursting through the spider's web in the pride of his strength, as he began his day's sport.

The Spider waited in the dark till he had passed, then went to work to mend her web.

"What! ready for a catch again?" cried the Blue-bottle, returning at noon rather wearied with the frolics and excesses of the morning. Twice he struck the web before he passed through it, carrying some of it on his wings.

The Spider half showed herself, but ran back as he escaped, and, when he had gone, once more spun away to repair her web.

"Ha! ha! ha!" cried the Blue-bottle, languidly, as he was going home in the sunset, quite worn out with his day's delights. "I'm sorry to disturb you, old lady, but, if you will hang your house in the Queen's highway, there's nothing for it but to go through it."

He threw himself against the filmy snare, but he was not able to break it. He affected to scorn it. "I won't trouble myself with it now," he cried, and thought to leave it; but the subtle threads had closed round his feeble limbs, and he could not withdraw them.

"Sorry to disturb you, sir," said the Spider, coming out of her corner, "but if you will make free with people's houses, you must expect to pay for the liberty."

In meeting her attack the unhappy Blue-bottle struggled so violently that he broke the web, and fell fainting below.

"Ah!" he cried, as he crawled away, sick and wounded, "I see now none but the fool-hardy will trust themselves in the most contemptible snare when they are not prepared for it; that which I laughed at in my strength had nearly proved my destruction in the hour of my weakness."

SOON HIGH, SOON LOW.—"Mother," said a little Daisy, which had lost sight of the sun under the shadow of a huge mushroom; "isn't it unbearable? Here we, who have been patiently growing and putting forth bud after bud and leaf after leaf, from the very dawn of spring, and have gradually increased to a very decent family, through summer and the opening of autumn, suddenly *buried, eclipsed, lost*, under the shade of this monstrous creature, the growth of a day or two!"

"Never mind, child," said the Parent Plant; "my experience of those things is, that they perish as quickly as they rise; we advance slowly but surely, and strengthen as we grow; the very rapidity with which a mushroom runs up carries in it the sentence of a brief existence. Be patient; it will soon vanish, and we shall see the sun again."

'TIS little troubles that wear the heart out. It is easier to throw a bomb-shell a mile than a feather—even with artillery.

HOUSEHOLD DATES.

BY E. L.

Oh, the tender-hued days of remembrance
The life of the household discloses!
These hinges of gold softly turning
On garlands of rue or of roses

Glad days, when a love-tended cradle
Crowns life's swelling surge like an ark
Round a voyager tiny and helpless,
Upborne in the frail little barque;

Sad days, when a shaft in the churchyard
First teaches its shadow below,
Like a servitor faithful and grieving,
To creep o'er the torn grass below;

That beautiful oncoming twilight,
When love whispered softly its tale,
This glorious summer-time morning
That shines on an incoming sail;

The time full of wrong and disaster,
Set jagged and black on the way,
Dark gate 'twixt the yesternight lilies
And brambles that tear us to-day;

The morn, when the mother stands watching
Her boy as he slips from her care,
To the college world waiting before him,
And wraps him, unseen, with a prayer;

The day, when the fair eldest daughter
Goes forth to her kingdom a bride;
The marriage days, silver and golden,
With a ripple of dance either side—

These are the days to be softly remembered,
In the beautiful home-gathered lore,
When the archives of state are unheeded,
And wars are remembered no more.

CAST UP BY THE SEA!

By MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "East Lynne," etc., etc.

[This serial was commenced in No. 48, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XII.—[CONTINUED.]

They emerged from the wood. To the right lay the residence of Miss Bordillion, to the left the little cottage inhabited by Wilfred Lester, the latter not many yards off, but an angle of the road hid it from view. As they stood, talking yet, before branching off on their separate paths, a very curious-looking lad came running past. Slim to a degree, with restless wriggling movements, he was not unlike a serpent; he had that old, precocious face sometimes seen in the deformed, and sly, sly eyes. Not that he was deformed, only very stunted for his years, which were near fifteen. An ordinary spectator might have thought him ten.

"Hallo, Shad!" cried Mr. Wilfred Lester, "where are you scuttering off to?"

The boy stopped. Rejoicing in the baptismal name of Shadrack, he had never, in the memory of the neighborhood, been called anything but Shad. His other name nobody knew, and it did not clearly appear that he had one. Nearly fifteen years ago he was first seen at the hut of old Goody Bean. She said he was her daughter's, who had been many a year away from home. But Goody Bean was not renowned for veracity. To whomsoever he belonged, there he had been from the first day to this.

"Please, sir, I'm a going home; and I've been getting some sticks for granny."

He spoke more like a boy of ten than of his own years; but, looking at his sharp face, it might be doubted whether the simplicity was not put on. It was one of two things, that he was a very unsophisticated young gentleman, or else one of rare and admirable cunning.

"Have you been in the wood to get those, Shad?" demanded Miss Lester, looking at the few bits of faggots in the boy's hands.

"I've a been on'y on t'other side the hedge, miss; I doesn't like the wood, when the trees moans and shakes."

"Have you *not* been in the wood?" she returned, looking keenly at him.

"I was there yesterday, miss."

"I spoke of this evening."

"No," he said, shaking his head from side to side, something like the trees. "granny telled me to go into the wood and bring her a good bundle, but I wouldn't when I heard the wind; and I expec's a whacking for it."

He shambled off. Miss Lester turned to her brother.

"Is he to be believed, or not? It may have been he who was watching us."

"Very likely. It is of no consequence if he was. As to believing him, I think he is even less worthy of credit than his grandmother, and that's saying a great deal. Why, what does *she* want?"

A decent-looking woman, with a sour face, was coming full pelt towards them from the direction of Wilfred's cottage, calling out as she ran:

"Master! Master!"

Wilfred took a step forward to meet her.

"Is the house on fire?" quoth he.

"Sir," returned Sarah—for that was the name she bore, and she was his servant—"my mistress is lying like one dead; I'm not sure but she's gone."

A moment's bewildered hesitation, and he started off, but arrested his steps again, and turned to Maria:

"Will you not come, in the name of humanity? Your entering my house to say a word of comfort to Edith—dying as she may be, as I fear she is, for the want of countenance, of kindness—will not poison Mr. and Lady Adelaide Lester. Judge between me and them, Maria."

He waited for no answer, but sped on. The appeal was successful, and Maria followed with the maid.

Edith, who had been for some weeks in a very precarious state of health, had fallen on the floor in attempting to move from the sofa. Sarah heard the noise and ran in; her mistress looked so still and deathlike, for she had fainted, that the woman was frightened, and as speedily ran out again, hoping to get assistance, and in the road she saw her master.

They lifted her up, and she revived, but she could not talk much to Maria. The latter, who had not seen her for many, many weeks, interdicted as she was from going near her brother and his wife, was shocked at the change, and surely thought she would not be long in this world.

"Sarah," she exclaimed to the servant, with whom she was alone a few moments ere departing, "what a terribly weak state your mistress appears to be in. What can cause it?"

"It's just famine," bluntly returned the woman, "and nothing else."

Maria was shocked and bewildered at the answer, and could only stare at the speaker.

"Famine!" she uttered, feeling ready to faint herself. "Oh, Sarah, things cannot be as bad as that with my brother!"

"They ain't much better, and haven't been for some time, so far as missis is concerned, Miss Lester. Me and master, we can eat hard food—bread and cheese, or bread and bacon, or a bit o' meat and a heap of o' potatoes and onions made into a Irish stew, and we can wash it down with water and thrive upon it. But missis, she can't; she could no more swallow them things than she could swallow the saucepans and gridirons they're cooked in. When folks are delicate and weak in health they require delicate food. Beef tea and jellies and oysters and a bit o' chicken, or a nice cut out of a joint of meat, with a glass or two of good wine every day—that's what Miss Edith wants. And she's just going into her grave for the want of it."

Maria turned from the door on her way to Miss Bordillion's, feeling that her brain was as a chaos. Suffering—dying from want of proper food! Maria had never been brought into contact with these hard realities of life, had never glanced at the possibility of their touching her own family.

Miss Bordillion—a gentle lady now, in a close cap and white hair—was surprised to see Maria come in. She had not expected her through such a wind, and it was later than Maria's usual hour. No trace of the heart-conflict she had to do battle with for years, and to conquer, was discernible on her features—always excepting the hair; that had turned white before its time.

Maria threw off her shawl and bonnet and sat down to the tea-table, in the middle of which meal she had disturbed Miss Bordillion. The latter rang the bell, and the maid brought in a cup and saucer.

"Some butter," said her mistress.

"You never were taking your tea without butter!" exclaimed Maria. "Eating dry toast!"

"It is well to abstain from butter sometimes, if we are bilious," said Miss Bordillion.

But Maria observed that she got quietly up, and surreptitiously taking the sugar-basin from the sideboard, placed it upon the table. So that she was also abstaining from that—and Maria had never heard that sugar would do good or harm to bile. An inkling of the truth flashed over her.

"You are abstaining from motives of economy," she said, in a low tone.

Miss Bordillion would have smiled off the subject with a jest, but Maria was eager and persistent.

"Why should you treat me as a child or a stranger?" she continued. "Dear Miss Bordillion, I have just been initiated into the necessities of one household; let me hear what is amiss in yours."

"You have mentioned the word, Maria—necessities," was the reply of Miss Bordillion. "My household and luxuries have nearly parted company. Since you and Edith left me I have been thrown entirely upon my own income, and that, you know, is little more than a hundred a year."

"But to go without sugar and butter," repeated Maria, unable to lose sight of the phase of the question practically before her.

"No great deprivation to me," smiled Miss Bordillion. "And considering I do not pay rent for my house, which your father has never yet permitted me to do, I could make my income suffice for my moderate wants; but, alas, Maria! two families have to be kept out of it."

"Two!" uttered Maria.

"Can I see your brother and Edith starve?"

Maria made no reply. Her heart was beating.

"How do you suppose they have lived?" proceeded Miss Bordillion. "For a few months after their marriage, I remained very angry, and did not see them, I thought it so imprudent, so unjustifiable a step to have taken, and I joined Mr. Lester in his blame. They were positively without resources, without any, and during that period they parted with all their trifling valuables, and also got in debt. Of course that stopped their credit; that, and Mr. Lester's known displeasure——"

"The tradespeople might safely trust them," interrupted Maria. "Wilfred is my father's eldest son, and the estate will descend to him some time."

"Have you forgotten that the estate is not entailed?" asked Miss Bordillion, striving to speak in a careless tone. "Not an acre of it need come to Wilfred, not a single shilling; he may find himself as penniless at his father's death, as he is now."

"Oh, Miss Bordillion! do not hint at anything so unjust."

"A few weeks ago, Edith's baby was born and died. She was very ill, and they sent for me. I deliberated whether or not to go; my own heart was inclined to forgiveness, but I did not like to do what would displease Mr Lester. However, I went. Apart from Edith's state, I found things very bad. The rent of the cottage was in arrear, and they had nothing. What could I do but help them?"

"And you help them still?"

"My dear, but for me they would never have a meal. And all out of my poor little income. So don't wonder," she added, with an attempt at merriment, "that my butter and sugar are too costly to be approached lightly."

Maria fell into a most unpleasant reverie. She was revolving all she had heard and seen, all she feared. The part of the whole which she most shrank from, was the rumor touching the ill doings of her brother. Urged on by the necessities of home, of Edith, what might he not do?

"Have you heard the whispers about Wilfred?" she asked, aloud, flying from her own thoughts. "That he—that he—has been seen out at night, on Lord Dane's lands?"

"Hush!" interrupted Miss Bordillion, glancing round her with a tremor that seemed born of fear.

CHAPTER XIII.

AN AWFUL NIGHT—AND AN AWFUL SCENE.

Rarely had such a night been known within the memory of the oldest inhabitant of Danesheld. The storm of wind was terrific; now, it swept through the air with a rushing, booming sound; now, it shook old gables and tall chimnies, unhinged shutters, and crushed down out-houses; and now it caused men and women to stagger as they strove to walk along. But for the wind, the night would have been nearly as bright as day; for the large, clear moon was at the full; but the clouds that madly swept across its face obscured its brightness, causing a dark shadow to fall upon the earth. Even the fitful gusts, when clouds were absent, seemed to hide the moon's rays, and dim them.

A knot of men were congregated in the tap-room of the Sailor's Rest. Richard Ravensbird, looking not a day older than when you saw him last, hard, composed, phlegmatic as ever, was waiting on them, or joining in their converse, as the case might be. Sophie was in the bar-parlor. She did look older. Somehow, French women, after they pass thirty, do age unaccountably. Not that Sophie had changed in manner; she was free of tongue and ready at repartee, like she always had been.

"How's Cattley getting on? Have ye heard?" asked one of the men of Ravensbird, taking his pipe from his mouth to speak.

Ravensbird had handed a fresh jug of ale to another of the company, and was counting the halfpence returned into his hand.

"Cattley may be better, or he may be worse, for all I know," returned he, when he had finished counting. "It's no concern of mine; I don't meddle with other folk's business."

"'Tain't much meddling, landlord, to hear whether an injured man's getting on his legs again, or whether he's agoing to have 'em laid out stiff," retorted the questioner. "I ha' been at sea three days, and 'tis but nateral to ask after a poor fellow as have been a'most murdered when one gets to shore again."

"A fine trouble our boat had, to get home," put in a man, before any one else could speak. "I was down the beach this afternoon, and see it a-laboring."

"Trouble!" echoed the other. "I never hardly was out in such a gale—and the wind blowing us right ashore. It took our best management, I can tell ye, to keep her off it. Does nobody know anything of Cattley?"

"Cattley's better," answered one who sat in a corner. "I saw Mr. Bruff today, and asked him. He said he was going on all right. My lord's downright savage, though, because the fellows are off."

"What fellows!" cried the sailor, in a quick tone. "Not Beecher and Tom Long?"

"Beecher and Tom Long. Cattley was well enough to be taken into the hall yesterday, from his bed; they wrapped him up in blankets, put him in a chair, and carried him in; and Beecher and Tom Long were brought up from the guard-house in charge of the police. But Cattley couldn't swear to them; he said he had no moral doubt that they were the two, but could not speak to it with certainty. Of course that put a stop to all chance of conviction, and Lord Dane was obliged to liberate them. Such a lecture as he read them first!"

"Did he?"

"Bruff heard it. He was present during the time, close to my lord's chair, and he said his lordship was as vexed and snappish as could be. Old Beecher came forward, with all the brass in the world, and said he'd take an oath his son was in bed at home the night the row happened. Lord Dane told him his oaths went for nothing, and he regretted that the evidence was not more conclusive."

"But there was a third engaged in the attack," resumed the sailor.

"Said to be. Cattley speaks of another, who was watching from a short distance. He did not join in the attack."

"That was Drake, then; not a doubt on't. Smuggling or poaching, it all comes alike to him. I'll lay any money it was Drake."

"You'd lose it, then. The third fellow was a tall, thin man. Drake's short and stumpy. I say, landlord, what's your opinion of it all?"

"Haven't I just told you that I mind my own business?" returned Mr. Ravensbird. "If everybody did the same there'd be much less contention in the world."

"Richard, Richard," a voice was heard calling out, "step here a moment."

It was that of Mrs. Ravensbird, and her husband proceeded to the room where she was sitting. She had a candle in her hand, and appeared as though she had just been upstairs.

"I'm afraid, Richard," she said, "I protest I am; the very house seems to rock. I shall not go to bed to-night."

"Nonsense!" returned Richard Ravensbird. "Folks sleep best in windy weather."

"If they can get to sleep. It's what I shan't try at to-night. You just go up to our bed-room, and see what the wind is there: the bed itself's shaking."

"They are calling for more ale in the tap-room," cried a very smart maid, entering at this juncture. "Am I to serve it, sir? The clock wants but two minutes of eleven."

"Oh, for goodness sake let them stop on as long as they like to-night," put in Sophie to her husband. "Better be in danger in company, than alone."

Richard Ravensbird looked at her in surprise.

"Danger!" he repeated; "why, what is the matter with you, Sophie? You are surely not turning coward, because the wind is a little higher than ordinary?"

"The wind is worse than I have ever known it since I lived in the Sailor's Rest," she responded. "It's awful enough to make the bravest think of danger."

Ravensbird returned to the tap-room, and told the company it was eleven o'clock. They did not, however, seem inclined to move, and, whether it was the wind howling without, which certainly does induce to the enjoyment of comfort within, or whether in compliance with his wife's words, Ravensbird proved less rigid than usual as to closing his house at eleven, and suffered more ale to be drawn. The servant was bringing it in, when a fresh customer entered. It was Mitchel, the preventive-man. He took off an oil-skin cape he wore, and sat down.

"Why, Mitchel! is it the wind that has blown you here?" were the words Ravensbird greeted him with. "I thought you were on duty to-night."

"The wind won't let me stop on duty, Mr. Ravensbird, so it may be said to have blown me here," replied Mitchel. "I saw you were not closed through the chinks in the shutters. It's an awful night."

"Not much danger of a contraband boat-load stealing up to the beach to-night," laughed one of the company.

"No, the Flying Dutchman himself couldn't bring it up," said Mitchel. "What with the security from that sort of danger, and the non-security from another, namely, that we might get whirled off the heights into the sea, and be never more heard of, the supervisor called us off duty. What a night the waves are to be sure!"

"The men have not been on duty below all day."

"Couldn't have stood it," answered Mitchel, "the sea would have washed them away. It's great rubbish to keep men there at all, now they have put us on to the heights. I'm afraid of one thing," he added, lowering his voice.

"What's that?"

"That there's a ship in distress. My eyesight's uncommon good for a distance, as some of you know, and I feel sure that I made her out, and even her very lights. The worst was, the gusts whiffled one's sight, and steady for one minute one couldn't stand. I pointed the ship out to Baker, when we met, but he could see nothing, and thought I was mistaken."

"But—if it is a ship—why do you assume that she must be in distress?" inquired Ravensbird.

"Could a ship be off the coast, in such a storm as this, and not be in distress?" was Mitchel's answer. "And the wind blowing dead inland! Mark me! if that is a ship, she'll be on the rocks to-night."

"Mitchell," cried one of the company, "you were always one of them given to croaking. And croaking don't help us on in the——"

The man's voice stopped abruptly, and the assembly simultaneously started to their feet. A heavy, booming sound had struck upon their ears. Mrs. Ravensbird rushed into the room.

"It is a cannon!" cried she.

If it was a cannon, it was firing off quick and sharp strokes, one after the other, as no cannon ever had been known to do yet. Some of those startled listeners had heard that sound before; some had not.

"It is the great bell at the castle!" uttered Mitchel, "I am sure of it. The last time it rang out, was for that fire in the stables, before the old lord died. What can be the matter?"

They moved in a body to the house door, and stood in the road outside, listening and looking. Though the Sailor's Rest stood alone, somewhat apart from any dwelling, they could see that the alarming sound had brought others to their doors, and night-capped heads to windows.

"The castle must be on fire," exclaimed one, drowning the chorus of voices: "we ought to set off to it."

"I wish you would all be still for an instant," interposed Ravensbird. "Listen: as keenly as the wind and that heavy bell will allow you."

They hushed their clamor and bent their ears in obedience to the injunction. And then they caught what the noise in the tap-room had prevented their hearing before; a minute-gun fired from the sea.

"It is the ship in distress," eagerly uttered Mitchel, "I knew she would be. She's signaling for help. And the castle bell is giving notice of it; it used to in the old times."

Before they decided what to do, or whether to do anything—some being for rushing off to the castle, others to the beach—one of the footmen in the Dane livery, white and purple, came flying towards them.

"A large ship in distress!" he exclaimed. "We think she may be an Indiaman, with homeward-bound passengers. Is the sea too bad for help to go out?"

The man spoke in agitation; it is an agitating moment, when the lives of our fellow-creatures are at stake within sight. That the lives of those, now in danger, must inevitably be lost, appeared only too sure. Somebody inquired of the servant, what Lord Dane thought.

"My lord's not at home," was the man's reply. "Some of us fancied we heard signals of distress from sea; and we went up to the turret-chamber, and there made out the ship, and saw quite plainly the flash of her minute guns, though the wind deadened their sound. Mr. Bruff gave orders then for the alarm bell to be rung, to arouse the village; first of all sending a messenger to my lord, that he might not fear it was anything amiss at the castle itself."

"Is he far away?"

"Who? my lord? He is only spending the evening at Mr. Lester's."

The company got their caps, which they tied down firmly on their heads: those who possessed no caps tied on handkerchiefs, for their hats would be useless on the beach, and they left them at the Sailor's Rest, and hastened down. The news had spread. The ship drifting gradually in shore with the wind, was nearer now, and her guns were louder; and all Danesheld was flocking towards the beach.

They could discern her very plainly in the snatches of bright moonlight—a noble ship. One old sailor, who possessed fine eyesight, keener than even Mitchel, professed to make out her build, and declared she was an American. Whatever she might be, she was certainly drifting on rapidly to her doom. She had probably been at anchor, and the chain had broken.

Her position was a little to their left hand as the people stood, and she would most likely strike just beyond the village, towards Dane Castle. The wind was as a hurricane, howling and shrieking, buffeting the spectators, and taking away almost their life's breath; the waves rose mountains high, with their hoarse roar; and the good ship cracked and groaned as she bent to their fury.

Two gentlemen came together, arm-in-arm, and the crowd parted to give them place. They were Lord Dane and Mr. Lester. Mr. Lester carried a night-glass, but the wind would render it almost useless.

"Why, she's nearly close in shore!" uttered Lord Dane, in an accent of horror.

"Another half-hour, my lord, and she'll be upon the rocks," responded a bystander.

"Mercy! how fast she's drifting! One can see her drift!"

"My men," said Mr. Lester, addressing himself more particularly to the fishermen and sailors, many of whom had congregated there, "can nothing be done?"

One unanimous, subdued sound was heard in answer: "No!"

"If one of 'em, any crack swimmer, could leave the ship, and come ashore with a hawser, that's their only chance," observed an old man. "Not that I think he'd succeed; the waves would swallow him long before he got to it."

"There's the life-boat," cried Lord Dane.

The crowd shook their heads with a smile.

"No life-boat could put off in such a sea as this!"

Never, perhaps, had been witnessed a more hopeless spectacle of prolonged agony. On she came—on, on, swiftly and surely! The night went on; the hurricane raged in its fury; the waves roared and tossed in their terrific might—and the good ship came steadily to her doom. In two hours from the time that the castle-bell boomed out she struck; and, simultaneously with the striking, many souls were washed overboard, and were battling their own poor might and strength with the water as hopelessly as the ship had done. The agonized shrieks of woe were borne over the waters with a shrill, wailing sound, and were echoed by the watchers; some of whom—women—fell on their knees in their nervous excitement, and prayed God to have mercy on the spirits of the drowning.

"She'll be in pieces! she'll be in pieces! and no earthly aid can save her!" was the cry that went up around.

As it was being uttered, another dashed into the heart of the throng—one who appeared not yet to have been among the spectators. It was Wilfred Lester. He wore his sporting-clothes, as he had done when Maria met him in the evening. Pressing through it to the front with scant ceremony, he leaned his arms on the rails of the little jetty, and contemplated the beating vessel.

"Good heavens!" he uttered, after a few moments' steadfast gaze; "she must have struck!"

"This five minutes ago!"

"What is that in the water?" he continued, after another pause.

"Human beings drowning. They are being washed off the ship fast!"

All that Wilfred Lester possessed of excitement was aroused within him.

"Human beings drowning!" he repeated, his voice harsh with emotion. "And you are not attempting to rescue them! Are you mad, or only wicked?"

One by his side pointed to the foaming sea.

"Let that answer you."

"It is no answer," said Wilfred Lester. "Where's the life-boat?"

He turned to where a knot of fishermen were congregated. He was familiar with them all, and had been from boyhood.

"Bill Gand, where's the life-boat?" he said, to a weather-beaten tar, who looked sixty at the least, to judge by the wrinkles on his face. "Is she ready?"

Bill Gand pointed with his finger to a small and snug creek at some little distance; he was not a man of fluent words. The life-boat was moored in the creek, and could be out at sea (wind and weather permitting) in a few minutes.

"Was made ready when the castle-bell tolled out, Master Wilfred," answered he.

"And why have you not put off in her?" demanded Wilfred, in a tone of command.

"Couldn't dare, sir. And the sea be higher now nor it was then."

"Couldn't dare!" scornfully echoed Wilfred Lester, whose anger, like that of the waves, seemed to be rising. "I never knew a British sailor could be a coward until now; I never thought 'couldn't dare' was in his vocabulary. I am going out in the life-boat; those of you who can overcome 'fear' had better come with me."

He turned to quit the spot and make for the creek, but fifty voices assailed him. "It would be sheer madness to attempt it." "Did he mean to throw away his life?" "He and the life-boat would be swamped together!"

"Then swamped we will be!" retorted Wilfred. "Do you see there?" he added, waving his hand in the direction of the ill-fated ship; "when your fellow-creatures' lives are being swamped wholesale, when you see them buffeting with the pitiless waves, does it become you to hesitate attempting their rescue 'for fear' yours should be?—and you brave seamen! Come on, my men! if there be any of you who deserve the name."

How contagious is example! How valuable a little sterling encouragement! How effective a spice of stinging ridicule! Several "good men and true," acted on by the words, declared themselves ready to man the life-boat; and pretty nearly the whole crowd trooped off in the wake of Wilfred Lester.

He was long of leg and fleet of foot, and was already busy with the boat when they gained him. A voice called out that if she must go out, Mr. Wilfred had best not be one to man her; he was no sailor. Wilfred Lester caught the words, and turned his handsome face towards the sound; very pale looked his features in the moonlight; pale, but resolute.

"Who said that?" he asked.

It was old Bill Gand.

"You are not yourself, Bill Gand, to-night. Would I urge others on a danger that I shrink from?"

"Venture in that there boat, Master Wilfred, and you wanna reach the ship alive," cried Bill, "let alone come back. Nor the rest, nor the boat neither."

"It is possible; but I think we may hope for a better result. We are embarking in a good cause, and God is over us."

The last words told; for, of all men, a sailor has the most implicit trust in God's mercy—a simple, childlike, perfect trust, that many who call themselves more religious might envy. They were contending now who should man her, numbers being eager; and there appeared some chance of its rising to a quarrel.

"This is my expedition," said Wilfred Lester; "but for me you would not have attempted it; allow me the privilege, therefore, of chosing my men. Bill Gand, will you make one of us or not?"

"Yes," answered the old sailor, "if it's only to take care of you. My wife's in the churchyard, and my two boys are under the waters: I shall be less missed nor some."

The twelve were soon named, and they went into the boat. Wilfred was about to follow them, when some one glided up, and stood before him.

"Will it prove availing if *I* ask you not to peril your life?"

The speaker was Mr. Lester. Wilfred hesitated a moment before he answered:

"I could not, for any consideration, abandon the expedition; nevertheless, I thank you, I thank you heartily, if you spoke out of interest for my welfare. Father, this may be our last meeting; shall we shake hands? If I do perish, regret me not; for I tell you truly, life has lost its value for me."

Mr. Lester grasped the offered hand in silence, a more bitter pang wringing his heart than many of the bystanders would have believed. Wilfred leaped into the boat; and it put off on its stormy voyage, the spectators tearing round again to the spot, whence they could see the sinking ship.

What a fine picture the scene would have made! The doomed ship and her unhappy freight of human life, soon to be human life no longer; the life-boat launched on her perilous venture, making some way in spite of the impending wind—now riding aloft, now engulfed under a huge wave, now battling with the furious sea for mastery; the anxious faces of the spectators, and their hushed, breathless interest, as they watched the progress of the boat, or the dim and dreadful spot farther on; with the bright moonlight lighting up the whole, and the night sky, over which the clouds were racing; while, ever and anon, the faint tinkle of a bell might be heard from the ship, and the heavy bell at the castle still boomed out at intervals!

Would the boat reach the ship? Those in the boat, as well as those on shore, were asking the question? Bill Gand, the oldest of them, declared he had never wrestled with a gale so terrific, with waves so furious. The mystery to Bill then—and it would remain a mystery to him throughout all his after life—was that they *did* wrestle with them. Minute by minute, as they strove to labor on, and the angry sea beat them back, did he believe would be their last; that the next must see them in eternity: all who were with them believed so, including Wilfred Lester. How was it that they did escape? It appeared nothing less than a miracle—an impossibility effected; and they could not account for it, unless Wilfred Lester's words on shore could do so: It was a good cause, and God was over them.

But they did not reach the ship. No: too many poor wretches were struggling with the waves, nearer to them; and they picked up what they could—picked up until the boat could hold no more. Shouting out a cheering cry of hope to the wreck, they turned to shore again.

"Bear on with a will, my brave lads," Wilfred urged; "don't let the fatigue master you. I and Bill Gand are good for another turn yet; but we'll leave you on shore to recruit force, and bring others in your stead. You shall join again the third time. Cheerily on with a will! I wonder how many times it will take, to save them all?"

One of the rescued spoke up to answer. All could not speak, for some were lying, hurt or senseless, in the boat. He was an able-bodied seaman.

"It would take several times, master; but you'll never get the chance of going to her a third time, if you do a second. She was parting amidships."

"Parting amidships!"

"I think so; and so did the captain. She must have struck upon a rock, and was grinding and cracking awfully."

"Whence does she come?"

"From New York. A passenger-ship. A prosperous voyage we have had all along from starting, and this is the ending! A fine ship she was, spick and span new, eleven hundred tons register, her name, 'The Wind.' I didn't like her name, for my part, when I joined her."

"Many passengers?"

"Forty or fifty; about half a dozen of them first-class; the rest, second."

"Did you jump overboard? hoping to swim for your lives?"

"No, no; who could swim in such a sea as this? All you saw in the sea were washed off. Some had sunk when you got to us."

Of course the above conversation had only been carried on at intervals, as the struggling boat permitted, and now it ceased altogether, for every energy had to be devoted to the boat, if they were to get her to the shore.

A low, heartfelt murmur of applause greeted their ears as they reached it; it might have been louder, but for remembrance of what the brave adventurers had yet to do, and the little chance there was of its being done—the very small portion these few saved formed of those to be saved. As Wilfred Lester stepped ashore, his face white with exertion, and the salt foam dripping off him, it is possible he looked for a father's hand and a father's voice to welcome him. If so, he was mistaken. Mr. Lester was still there, but did not advance. What he might have done alone, it is impossible to say, but his wife was now with him. Strange to relate, Lady Adelaide had ventured, in her curiosity, down to the beach, and stood braving the wind, supported between her husband and Lord Dane. Perhaps Mr. Lester did not choose to notice Wilfred in the presence of his wife, for he knew how much at variance they were; or perhaps he already repented of his late greeting. Wilfrew saw her standing there, and turned again to the life-boat.

"These poor creatures must be conveyed to warm beds, and warm fires," he exclaimed, looking at some of those he had helped to rescue, "or they may soon be no better off than they would have been if left in the water."

"I can receive two or three," exclaimed Richard Ravensbird, pressing forward. "I have not been able to do any thing towards saving, but I can towards sheltering."

Two vehicles were waiting, having come down to be in readiness, if wanted, and they were brought into requisition, one of them taking its way to the Sailor's Rest. It contained a man who was too exhausted to speak much, or to notice any thing, and a young man who appeared to be in attendance upon him, probably a friend.

"That we owe our lives to you this night, under God, there is little doubt," the latter cried, grasping Wilfred Lester's hand. "The time to thank you, I hope, will come."

Wilfred began mustering his second crew. Old Bill Gand insisted upon being one.

"Not you, Dick," cried Wilfred to another; "I won't have you; you could not stand the labor."

"I'm as strong as I was before my illness, sir," pleaded Dick.

"I will not admit you, I say. Stand back. We have no time to lose."

Scarcely had the words left Wilfred Lester's mouth, when a prolonged, dreadful shriek, only too palpable to the ear, arose from the wreck. It was some minutes before those on shore could make out its cause. But, when they did; when they discovered what had happened—alas! alas! The rescued sailor's words had been too surely and swiftly verified. The vessel had parted amidships, and was settling down in the water.

Oh, for the life-boat now! One more voyage, and it may yet save a few of those now launched into the water. Before it could take a third, the rest will have been launched into eternity.

And the life-boat hastened out amidst cheers to force its mad way, but it rescued none. The hungry waters had made too sure of their prey.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHAT IS HEAVEN!

BY LOUISE MALCOM STANTON.

Is Heaven simply, pearly streets,
And golden gates ajar—
Where we may taste unheard of sweets
In dreamy realms afar?

Or glowing sunshine, waving trees,
And song-bird's sweetest trills,
And summer's softest perfumed breeze
Afloat o'er rippling rills?

Ah no, 'tis something more than this,
For these, we have on earth;
But in the realms above of bliss,
God's chosen have new birth!

We finite mortals, long and dream,
In visions weird and fair,
Of azure skies, that cloudless gleam,
And hearts unwrung by care.

But, weak and poor are words to tell,
The glories hidden there,
Free from earth's sorrows, dire and fell,
And every secret snare.

No sin, no sickness, pain or death,
But life eternal, joyous, free,—
Oh! for a martyr's soulful faith,
Great God! at once to soar to Thee!

HETTY MORSE.

BY MARY B. COLBY.

Hetty Morse was lying on the grass in the woods near the house where she lived. The violets were in full blue bloom all around her, but she never looked at them. The new green leaves gently waving in the branches above her sang merrily and the winds murmured soothing music, but she did not listen to them. A little brook ran joyfully over its bed of smooth white pebbles, and each tiny wavelet carried a little gleam of sunshine with it, and babbled cheerily as it passed by her, but she gave no heed. She was moaning wearily, and saying:

"Oh, Hetty Morse, you are so tired of living, why don't you die and be done with it. Why don't the Lord, if He is as good as the Bible says He is, take such poor children where they can have peace, if not happiness. Oh, I wish with all my heart that I was dead and lying under the sods with my mother."

"Ah, girlie, girlie, none of that talk now. The good Lord knows His own business well enough without the likes of us telling Him, and you know you ain't fit to die. He has laid a cross on you and you'll have to bear it awhile. What would your father do if he found you lying yonder by your mother when he comes home? Fie, girlie, cheer up a bit."

Hetty raised her tear-wet face and stared angrily at the speaker.

It was old Betsy, the aged nurse and herb-doctress of the village, who knew everybody and everybody's business, and who spoke her mind freely to all.

"When my father comes home, indeed!" said the girl, bitterly. "He'll never come home."

"Won't he? that's more'n you know, girlie. The wind's been a blowing from Australia all day long; and here's a letter for your uncle that I took out of the office this morning. Here, take it to him, girlie, and get up off that cold grass; there's rheumatism in it. Besides, the sun is setting, and the night'll close in early for there's no moon till ten o'clock. Come, will you take the letter?"

"No, I won't," burst out Hetty. "I won't touch the old thing. You go right by the house; throw it in the dining-room window if you don't want to stop. I never mean to set my foot over the door sill again."

"Don't you, child? going to camp out all night, are you? Well, I've been digging some roots that's powerful good for pain in the bones, and I'll call on you to-morrow," said the old lady, dryly. Then she gathered up her bundles of roots and herbs, and walked away rapidly toward the Morse mansion with the letter in her hand.

The house was a beautiful one, somewhat elevated, and surrounded by well-kept grounds. A hedge of English hawthorne was in blossom, and the flower-beds were bright with tulips, pansies and hyacinths, and the air was sweet with the breath of the lilac. The windows were open, and the handsome lace curtains were swayed back and forth by the evening breezes, revealing a handsomely furnished parlor at the right of the wide hall. On the other side was a beautiful sitting-room, and back of it a large, pleasant dining-room. It was by far the handsomest residence in the small but wealthy village, yet the inmates scarcely knew the meaning of the words "peace" and "happiness."

Why, do you ask? Stand a moment at the window, by the side of nurse Betsy as she hands in the letter, and look closely at the face of the woman who sits at the head of the table, and you will know all. A sharp, cunning, fashionable shrew, Martha Morse does not possess the love of children or husband, nor indeed does she wish it.

Her husband humors every whim to keep the peace, and her children fear her.

"God help the little ones who call her 'mother,'" murmured nurse Betsy, as she turned away. "Thank God, little Hetty's bondage is almost over. How glad the girlie will be to see her father and the gentle new mother he will bring her. I ought to have told her all about it this afternoon, but she was in one of her moods, and I thought it would do no good."

Ah! nurse Betsy, you were sadly mistaken. If you had told her it would have saved so many weary steps, so much heartache, so many bitter tears.

Just as the family were finishing the evening meal, Hetty stole noiselessly up to the window. It was an unfortunate moment, for she heard her aunt say:

"Well, Mr. Morse, that miserable niece of yours has not made her appearance this afternoon. It is Agnes' bed-time, yet there is no sign of her. Heaven preserve me from your relations for the next ten years at least."

Amos Morse looked up from the letter he was reading, and said, quietly:

"I do not think you will be troubled with the child much longer, Martha."

"Neither do I," said Hetty to herself, outside.

She glanced quickly around her. A garden-hat belonging to one of her cousins and her own thin plaid shawl lay on the porch. She put them on hastily and went through the great gates into the village street. It was full of people, and she walked slowly, keeping in the shadow so as not to attract attention; but when she reached the broad, deserted highway, she sped along it like a frightened deer fleeing from the hunters.

She was a mere child, not yet sixteen, and she was going out into the wide world alone, leaving behind her the only shelter she had known for five years, her uncle's house, where she had acted as nurse-girl.

If she had only waited near the house one short hour before she took flight, she would have seen a carriage drive up to the door, and a sun-burned, handsome man alight, holding by the hand a gentle, fair-faced woman.

It was her father returning after all these years, bringing with him a wife who would be a tender mother to his child; and that child, with a heavy heart, was flying from this great joy.

"Well, brother Amos, where is Hetty?" asked Roger Morse, after the greetings and congratulations. "You must know how anxious we are to see our little girl. You have been faithful to the child, my good brother?"

Just a shade of doubt was implied in the last inquiry, and Amos glanced at his wife.

"Hetty has been absent all the afternoon," she said to her brother-in-law; "but she must have returned, I think. I will call her."

"Hetty!" she called, standing at the foot of the stairs. But there was no answer.

"Hetty! Hetty!" in a louder tone. But still no answer.

"Hetty Morse, come down to the parlor at once," she called, angrily, forgetting herself and letting her shrill voice fill the house.

But there was no answer, and she went quickly up to the girl's room, intending to give her a good shaking, for she felt instinctively that she would not have many chances to do so, now that her father had returned. The room was empty, and everything was as it had been when she went up to look for Hetty after dinner. Suddenly she remembered sundry threats she had heard the girl make, and she glanced at the clock on the mantel. It was after eight, later than Hetty had ever been out before. She grew anxious, for she feared Roger Morse's quick, fiery temper. She retraced her steps, and called her husband into the hall.

"I believe the imp has run away," she said to him. "It is after eight o'clock, and she is not upstairs."

"Go into the parlor," he said, "and I will ask the servants."

But she would not go back to the parlor, and followed her husband to the kitchen.

The servants could tell them nothing, and bidding the coachman search the grounds thoroughly, the anxious and frightened pair returned to the hall. In the parlor door stood Roger Morse, his great black eyes ablaze.

"Where is my child?" he demanded, fiercely.

"She has not been home this afternoon. We are afraid——"

"Where is my child?" he cried, savagely, interrupting his brother.

"I will try to find her," answered Amos, turning away and leaving the house.

"Where is my child?" demanded the father for the third time.

"She had a terrible temper," began Mrs. Morse, finding herself alone with the enemy, "and an exceedingly sullen disposition. She was a girl whose moral nature——"

But she was not allowed to finish her remarks, for suddenly her arms were grasped by a pair of strong hands, and, for the first time in her life, a dose of her favorite punishment was administered to her. She was shaken, thoroughly and effectively.

Hurling the breathless woman from him, Roger Morse, without a word to his young wife, who had watched the proceedings with amazement, left the house and sought his brother.

Meanwhile, Hetty was far on her way. The night was close and warm, and the sky overcast with clouds that threatened rain. When the village was two miles behind her, she began to breathe more freely and walk more slowly. On and on she walked, meeting no one, fearing nothing, until her weary feet began to ache sorely. At last the moon struggled faintly through the clouds, and she remembered what nurse Betsy had said, and knew that it was ten o'clock. In the distance she heard the rumbling sound of a wagon, and a man's voice singing. Nearer and nearer came the sounds, and soon the wagon was at her side. The driver noticed her, and drew up his horses.

"Shall I give you a lift, miss?" he asked, kindly.

Hetty glanced up at the wagon. It was a long, narrow market wagon, driven by the truck-man who lived in the little village miles beyond her uncle's house. She knew the man would not know her, and her feet ached so she longed to rest them.

"If you please," she answered, timidly.

The man helped her in and drove quickly on, asking no questions. They passed swiftly by pieces of woodland, quiet farm-houses, and one or two small villages, and at daybreak the large market-town was reached. The man shared his breakfast with the hungry child, and after thanking him, she left him and started aimlessly on her way.

She walked quickly through the streets of the still silent town, and soon found herself in the country highway. All day she walked on, but at sunset a strange weariness and stupor creeping over her obliged her to stop and rest. She sat down under a large oak near the road-side, and leaned her head against the trunk; and that was the last she knew of herself for days.

"Is that a woman under that tree, nephew?" asked an old lady of a boy, as the two rode slowly past.

"Looks like one," he replied, lightly; "she holds her head as if she was drunk, too."

"Don't judge harshly, nephew," said the old lady; "I've seen heads hold that way before. Stop a bit."

"All right, Aunt Betsy," and the willing lad stopped his horses and assisted the old lady out. She was soon by the girl's side.

"Lawful sakes!" she exclaimed, lifting the girl's hat, "if it 'ain't little Hetty Morse, and in a dead gone faint, too; and her father a hunting everywhere for her like wild. Poor little girlie. Jo, come here, and after I get in the wagon lift this girl in and lay her on the seat, and I'll hold her head in my lap. We are so near your mother's you can lead the horses."

Nurse Betsy had chosen this day to visit her sister, and was on her way from the depot when she came across Hetty. She soon had her charge in bed in the cool, comfortable farm-house, but it was days before she was conscious of what was passing.

When she came to herself, Nurse Betsy sat by her fanning her. Hetty looked at her and smiled, then closed her eyes and slept for several hours. When she awoke there were two strange faces in the room, one of a dark, handsome man, the other of a fair woman. Hetty looked inquiringly at Nurse Betsy.

"Do you want to know who they are, girlie?" asked the old lady. "Well, now you keep quiet and don't get excited, and I'll tell you, and you'll be mighty happy when you know. It's your mother, who was nearly drowned on her way from Australia, come back for good, and she's brought a new father—oh, land, what am I saying? I mean it's your uncle's new brother come back with two wives—oh, I don't mean that either. I mean it's——"

But Hetty understood who it was, and with a glad cry of "Papa, papa," she was held close against her father's heart. Then the new mother bent down and kissed her tenderly, and held her hand until she fell asleep.

So Hetty's little, tired heart found rest.

DARK DAYS.

BY C. S.

They come too often to us all—and shrinking beneath the weight of the shadows they cast, we are so prone to look back, wistfully, into the past; lingering lovingly, and oh! how tenderly beside the graves of our dead joys. The massive door guarding sacredly ever from stranger eyes the priceless treasures of that past, swings back for us only upon days like these.

Ordinarily we are happy enough. This is a busy world—too busy for useless repinings, and we are not exempt from the usual daily tasks which fall to the lot of the workers of this world. Well it is for some of us that home duties press thick and fast; that little dresses must be cut and fashioned into shape, that little faces must be kept clean, and little feet carefully and constantly tended that they may not go astray.

Be thankful, oh, weary one! that the skeleton in your closet needs looking after so seldom—that he is a well-behaved specimen of anatomy, and insists upon the pleasure of your society only occasionally.

We have had dreams in days gone by that were *only* dreams—yet we look back to them now with unutterable longing and tenderness, and invest the objects of them with many a grace and many a virtue, which in reality they never possessed. But because so many long and wearisome years have drifted between us and our vision, and because it was revealed to us in youth's fair spring time, when life's red rose was thornless, we must hold it in tender remembrance—ay, must love it still! The drowning man clings not faster to the frail spar within his grasp, than do we to these dim shadows of other days—never, at their best, aught but shadows.

Through busy days and months we toil unceasingly—only time for work and sleep. Some unhappy day the domestic clock-work runs more briskly and smoothly than usual. There is an idle hour. The cloud lowers. Blacker and blacker it looms, and nearer. It must burst ere long.

Is this rain upon my cheek? Oh! dark days!

OUR FACES.

The countenances of a nation define the characteristics of its people. Every human face indicates the moral training as well as the temperament and the ruling traits of its owner, just as much as every human form indicates the quality and amount of its physical exercise. This is proved by the varieties of human faces everywhere visible. Those whose lives have been given to physical labor, unbrightened by an education of ideas, have always a stolid, stupid expression, even while their limbs and muscles are splendidly developed. The more savage a people, the uglier they are in facial development. The very features of their faces are disfigured by violent and ungoverned passions.

People whose employments are intellectual invariably have a large, clear gaze, a bright, out-raying expression, as if from inward light shining through a vase. Where a fine organization and deep sensibility accompanies the practice of intellectual pursuits, often the features take on a transparent, luminous look. Persons endowed with powerful sensibility, however plain their features, always have moments of absolute beauty.

"My sister-in-law is plain," said one sister to another who possessed such a countenance, "but I have seen her so absolutely beautiful at times that she drew everybody in the room towards her. When she is very happy her face kindles with an absolute radiance."

The refining effects of high culture, added to sincere religious feeling, not only subdue evil passions, but beautify and elevate the entire expression and bearing of an individual. Thus it is a physical as well as moral fact that it is in the power of every person to improve his own beauty as well as bearing by a constant control of passion and temper, and a deep and constant cultivation of the intellectual faculties, pure affections, and the moral nature.

LIFE.—It was a sad cynic who said that youth passes its time in wishing that it could, and age in regretting that it didn't. But it is true that all through the first half of our lives we are thinking what we will do when once we fairly get started, and we go on pleasing ourselves with these dreams until, all of a sudden, we wake up to the fact that we have begun to go down the hill, and that now the time to hope and plan is past, and the time to remember and regret has come. We often hear of the ironies of life. The saddest irony is its brevity—our days are but a span, our life but "a sleep and a forgetting." If it were possible to realize in the beginning that threescore years and ten are not three hundred, and to say to ourselves calmly, "Such and such things are, in so brief space, unattainable—let us content ourselves with striving for what we can reasonably hope to win," we might live our short span more rationally. Then would the rich man begin in season to dispense and to enjoy his riches, remembering that out of this life he can carry nothing with him—then would the philanthropist limit his schemes to his possibilities—then, above all, would those who love each other beware that they gave no space to estrangement or fault-finding, since our life of so few days is all too brief for bitterness.

REFORM AND CONSERVATISM. — We are reformers in spring and summer; in autumn and winter we stand by the old—reformers in the morning, conservative at night. Reform is affirmative, conservatism negative; conservatism goes for comfort, reform for truth.

FACETIÆ

"KATY, have you laid the cloth for dinner yet?"

"An' sure I have mem—and everything else but the eggs, and isn't that the ould hen's work, surely?"

AN Irishman, writing from Ohio, says it is the most illigant home in the world. "The first three weeks," he says, "you are boarded gratis, and after that you are charged nothing at all. Come along, and bring the childer."

GENT—"I left a lock of hair here a few days ago to be fitted in a locket. Is it—ah—ready?"

Artist—"Verry sorry, sir; it has been mislaid. But it's of no consequence, sir; we can easily get it matched, sir!"

THE person who sent an effusion, entitled "Nothing but Flowers," to a paper for publication, is on the ragged edge of mortification. The poem appeared as "Nothing but Fleas." When the compositor was reasoned with, he said he thought there ought to be something lively about the poem.

OLD LADY (who sleeps badly): "Now, Mary, if I should want to light my candle, are the matches there?"

Mary—"Yes, ma'am, there's wan."

Old Lady—"One! Why, if it misses fire, or won't light——"

Mary—"Oh, divil a fear of it, ma'am. Sure I thried it."

DIFFERS—Mr. Twiss, a romantic traveler, was talking of a church he had seen in Spain, a mile and a half long.

"Bless me," said Garrick, "how broad was it?"

"Ten yards."

"This, you'll observe, gentlemen," said Garrick, to the company, "is not a round lie, but differs from his other stories, which are generally as broad as they are long."

"I'LL bet a sheep," said an old farmer, to his wife, "that our 'Zekiel is going crazy!"

"Why, what on earth makes you think so?" exclaimed the alarmed mother.

"'Cause he's grinning at the cart, and grinning at the pump, and grinning at the barn, and grinning at the oxen, and grinning at everything."

"Nonsense!" said the experienced matron; "don't you know he received a love-letter this morning?"

SEVERAL ladies were sitting together on the balcony of the Clifton, Niagara, the other night, when the moon, although "full," was not demonstrative. A natty little fellow came toward the group and softly said, "Pussie, darling," whereupon all the young ladies jumped up and came towards him eagerly. He selected one and walked away with her. The other brides sat down, and told their respective Romeos afterwards that it was "too ridiculous for anything," and that they "never were so embarrassed in the whole course of their life."

OUR OWN SPHINX.

[Communications intended for publication in this department, should be addressed to care of Editor SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philada.]

REBUS.

Five letters rightly placed will give
A word to lovers dear,
When they in wedlock's bands would live
For many a happy year.

But when their quarrels bitter grow,
If otherwise combined,
The self-same letters serve to show
How they relief may find.

H. W. B.

PUZZLES.

1.

Read forward—I am a relish; read backward—A great inconvenience to many on a wet night.

2.

What word of two syllables in our language becomes a word of one syllable by having two letters added to it?

ENIGMA.

I am first at the table each morning, you'll find;
In going to bed every night I am last;
I am found in the storm, but not in the wind;
I am always in time, present, future and past.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Delicate, dainty, pure and fair;
It must be watched with jealous care.

1. A native of a distant clime.
2. A town in Mona's Isle.
3. A sort of music, quick in time, And graceful in its style.
4. A habit, which no credit brings.
5. Part of a suit of mail.
6. A mixture, this, of many things.
7. A drum. Now ends my tale.

ANNIE EASTBOURN.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

My first is in chancel, but not in church;
He who tries to my next is oft left in the lurch;
Very often my third, by foolish advice,
Among my best fourth causes envy and strife;
My fifth an English seaport renowned for its trade;
Oft my sixth is regretted the moment it's made;
My next is both languid and dreary indeed;
My eighth pays the better, the better its "feed;"
My last is in Bristol, but not in the town.
I'm the same if you read me both cross-wise and down.

S. S. B.

[Answers to the above will be given in No. 4, Vol. 55.]

Answers to "Our Own Sphinx." No. 50, Vol. 54.

NUMERICAL CHARADE.—A Gift from Heaven.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Lave, vale. 2. Name, mane. 3. Tire, rite. 4. Swine, wines. 5. Ode, doe. 6. Post, stop.

DIAMOND PUZZLE—

S
POE
HANDS
PANNIER
SONNETEER
EDITEDD
SEEDY
RED
R

RIDDLE-MA-REE.—The one is askew the other a skewer.

GLASNEVIN.

There is no son of Ireland in any part of the world who has not heard of Glasnevin, the great Catholic cemetery of Dublin—not one whose mind does not picture it as a beautiful, a solemn and a holy place. It well deserves all these designations. As a spot in which the relics of poor humanity are crowded, awaiting Resurrection Day, it is entitled to reverence from all humanity; but on the affections of many thousands of Irish hearts it has a special and most tender claim. The dust of their kindred lies beneath its green turf, and wherever they go over the wide world, that fact is not forgotten. To still greater numbers of their countrymen, who have no such personal interest in its soil, it is dear as containing the relics of the great political leader and liberator of their race, and of several other brave and gifted, distinguished and famous, sons of Ireland. The whole cemetery, viewed from any point on its higher ground, especially when the sunlight is glowing on the place, has a strange and quiet beauty peculiarly its own. The white spires of marble or limestone monuments, the shining panels of many headstones, the massive shafts and arms of gigantic Irish crosses, rising up amid the dark foliage of cypresses and hollies, oaks, laurels, beeches, make altogether a very suggestive and impressive scene.

The most prominent object in the cemetery is the round tower raised to the memory of O'Connell, and in the crypt beneath which his body is laid. It is solidly built of cut limestone, and stands one hundred and fifty feet high from the ground to the top of the cross on its summit. This tower is only part of Dr. Petrie's design for the O'Connell monument, which was to consist of such a "group" as is to be seen in many of the ancient churchyards—a round tower, a church and a stone cross. The tower has been built, but the rest of the design seems to have been abandoned, which is very much to be regretted. When the body of the liberator was brought to Ireland from Genoa, where he died, in May, 1847, it was deposited in a temporary resting-place—a vault in the centre of a circle at the north side of the cemetery, which thence received the name of "The O'Connell Circle." That circle then became the "fashionable" place of sepulture, and so continued until the removal of the remains of O'Connell to the crypt under the tower, in May, 1869. O'Connell in life could make a circle for himself wherever he went, and his inanimate remains appear to have the same power; the locality of the round tower is now the fashionable quarter of the cemetery.

To the O'Connell monument are first directed the steps of all visitors to the cemetery. While the coffin lay in its former location, it was visible to all through the iron gate of the vault. It lay on a sort of stone table, and was always kept covered over with fresh green leaves and flowers. Sometimes this gate was opened, and visitors were allowed to enter the vault and stand close by the coffin containing the remains of the great Irishman. Travelers from England, America, and more distant places, were delighted when they could obtain from the attendant a few of the leaves or blossoms that had lain upon the coffin, and many of those little mementoes, though now dry and withered, are, we dare say, still preserved by Irish men and women in all parts of the world. In its present location the coffin is less in view, but it is better protected; only a few inches of it can be seen through the apertures in the stonework that surrounds it, which are just large enough to let one put in his hand and touch the oaken case which encloses some two or three others. The crypt in which it lies is very tastefully colored and decorated. Small bannerets, with appropriate inscriptions, hang around, and on the walls appear the words in which the deceased patriot in his last days expressed his pious hope and wishes with regard to his whole being: "My heart to Rome, my body to Ireland, my soul to heaven."

Somebody has called courtesies the small change of life. Be that as it may, we all get into a habit of expecting them, and when we do an obliging thing, we hold out our hand for our "change." Most of us keep account books, into which we should not like to have others look—kept all the same, though only written upon the pages of an uncommonly sharp memory. What we prettily call love is too often only a loan. Not, indeed, to be paid in kind, but in degree, with handsome interest. We are affectionate and obliging and friendly; we help somebody in a moment of dire emergency; and then we hold out our hand for our "change." If we lend ten dollars we expect ten dollars worth of gratitude. We are a little uneasy, lest it should not be generally known how good we have been, and lest it should be hidden under a bushel, we take all the bystanders into our confidence.

A Double Danger Averted.

The inhabitant of a malarious region is threatened by a double danger. He is not only compelled to breathe miasma, but to swallow it, since it infects not only the atmosphere but the water. The aerial poison threatens his system through the lungs and pores, the liquid through the stomach. Against this double peril there is but one protection, and that is to invigorate the entire body through the digestive and secretive organs. Ordinary tonics usually fail to accomplish this—Hostetter's Stomach Bitters never. In the tropics, where the diseases originated by malaria are of a far more malignant type than those originated by the same cause in the temperate zone, it enjoys immense and constantly increasing sales, and there is no portion of this continent where it is not the reigning specific for miasmatic fevers and disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, proceeding from malaria and other causes.

Ha! Ha! Ha!

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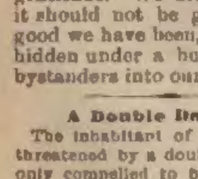

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A Letter from Dr. Frazier.

Believing that cleansing the blood was the only true way of banishing disease, and being troubled with a Scrofulous disease, known as Salt Rheum and Weakness of the Lungs, and finding no cure, I commenced to experiment by compounding roots, using the medicine thus obtained. I fortunately discovered a most wonderful Blood Searcher or Bitters, which not only gave me instantaneous relief, but, after a few weeks' time, effected a perfect cure. I then prepared a quantity of the Root Bitters, and was in the habit of giving them away to the sick. I found the medicine possessed the most wonderful healing virtues, effecting cures of all diseases originating from bad blood or weakness of the system, as if by magic. At last the demand became so great I found myself called upon to supply patients with medicine in all parts of the continent, and I was compelled to establish a laboratory for compounding and bottling the Root Bitters in large quantities. I was at first backward in presenting either myself or remedy to the public, not being a patent medicine man, and with limited capital, but I am getting bravely over that. Since I first advertised this wonderful medicine, I have been crowded with orders, and the scores of letters I receive from persons cured, prove the fact that no remedy has ever done so much good and had such a success as the Root Bitters. Root Bitters are strictly a Medicinal Preparation, such as was used in the good old days of our forefathers, when people were cured by some simple root or plant, and when calomel and other poisons of the mineral kingdom were unknown. For Consumption, Asthma, Catarrh, Scrofula, Scrofulous Eruptions, Rheumatism, Heart Disease, Dizziness, Liver Complaint, Kidney and Urinary diseases, Fever and Ague, Dyspepsia, Lost Vitality and broken down Constitutions, these Root Bitters are universally admitted to be the most wonderful discovery in the world. Their searching, healing properties penetrate every portion of the human frame, soothing the lungs and strengthening the stomach, kidneys and liver. For weakly, nervous young men, suffering from loss of memory, etc., caused from abuses in early life, and to delicate females, these Root Bitters are especially recommended. No other medicine will cure Scurvy, Salt Rheum, Boils, Tetter, Ringworm, White Swelling, Sore Eyes, Running of the Ears, Ulcers, Fever Sores, Cancerous formations, Dropsy, Erysipelas, Pimples, Flesh Worms, Pustules, Blotches, and all Skin diseases, so quickly as the Root Bitters. All diseases have their origin in bad blood. The Root Bitters lay the axe at the root of the tree of disease, by searching and purifying the blood which will nourish and invigorate every organ and part of the body and keep it in repair until a ripe old age.

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Mr. Barney Cain, Niagara, Ontario, writes: "I have been taking your Root Bitters. They done me great good. They have cured my cough and I feel like another person."

Miss Lizzie Cornwall, East Cleveland, writes: "Hearing of your Root Bitters, I commenced using them for blotches and pimples on the face, weakness and loss of appetite. They have effected a cure, and I now enjoy better health than I have for ten years. My case was one of the very worst."

Mr. Jacob Ruby, Zurich, P. O., Ontario, afflicted with dyspepsia, throwing up food, etc., writes: "Bitters received, and have been taking them one week. They helped me right off. I could have sold a dozen bottles. Please write what you will charge for two dozen. You may publish in the papers that your bitters have done me more good than any other medicine."

John Roland, Cleveland, writes: "For weeks at a time I was confined to the house with fever and ague. After using your Root Bitters two weeks I am restored to good health."

DR. FRAZIER: Dear Sir:—Your Root Bitters have built up my wife more rapidly than all the medicines taken by her during the past nine months. She has been suffering terribly with Inflammatory Rheumatism, but is now so far recovered that I think one more bottle of your Bitters will work a cure.

Yours truly,
J. K. SPEAR, Indianapolis, Ind.

Mrs. Daniel Smith, of Concord, N. H., afflicted with weakness, pain in lungs and shoulder, heavy pain over the eyes, restless at night and tired, fainty feelings all the time, writes: "Your Root Bitters have done me more good than all the medicines I have ever taken and I have taken more or less for ten years."

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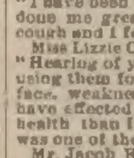

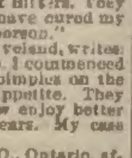

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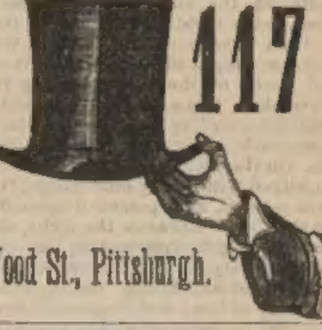

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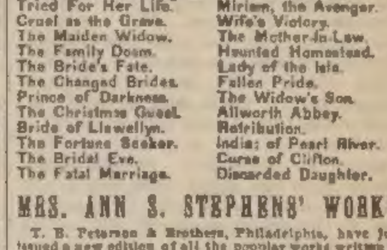

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The Boudoir

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

We shall in this number present several designs for costumes of the lighter fabrics, such as Victoria lawn, organdies, and the many pretty varieties of grenadine tissues, etc. One feels the necessity of thin fabrics in the middle of the day even at the seaside in these glowing summer days. We adhere to our old penchant for white dresses, and are glad to notice the continuance of their popularity.

We noticed a charming costume in white lawn, with a satin stripe. The underskirt was made with three side-pleated flounces, each six inches in depth. The overskirt was a round skirt, edged with one knife-pleated ruffle, five inches deep, and drawn away towards the back, where it was looped with a wide dark blue sash. The waist was a half-tight fitting basque, edged also with a pleated ruffle. The sleeves were coat-shaped to the elbow, falling from thence in a pleated ruffle over the wrist. Bows of dark blue ribbon were placed on the outer seam of the sleeve. A wide flat of Leghorn, trimmed with pleatings of sheer French muslin and a blue scarf, was worn with this suit.

Another, of fine French muslin, was made with the underskirt trimmed with three shirred flounces—the topmost one placed just six inches below the waist. There was no overskirt, but a scarf of muslin, three yards long, was laid in wide folds across the front and tied behind in a loose knot. The waist was a basque of the cuirass shape, shirred all over. The sleeves were shirred from shoulder to wrist.

A very pretty dress of the new gingham was composed of two shades, pale pink and light blue. The foundation of the underskirt was pink; the narrow flounces were alternately pink and blue, while a puffing of blue, piped with pink, headed the topmost one. The sleeveless jacket was of the blue, as was also the square apron. The collar, sleeves, and pleating around the overskirt were pink. Bows of black velvet closed the front and trimmed the outer seam of the sleeves. A round hat of shirred French muslin, lined with pink, and trimmed outside with black velvet bows and long ends, completed this very unique costume.

Of course such a one as this would only be suitable for country or seaside wear; it would be too bizarre for any lady to appear in upon the streets of the city.

A very elegant costume for full dress, for visiting, etc., said to be designed by Worth, had the underskirt of navy blue silk, trimmed at the bottom with a deep flounce, set on in box pleats. The peculiar feature of this skirt was a puffed sash at the back, arranged in this way: A width of the silk was taken, and attached to the middle of the belt at the back, from thence to the hem of the dress it was caught in full puffs, by box-plaited bands of the silk confining it. The overskirt was a plaided gray silk. The plaids formed by fine lines of black crossing each other and forming diamonds. On the right side it was a square apron, edged with heavy blue fringe; the left was pointed, and passed diagonally across the front towards the right, the fringe following the intersecting line and giving a very stylish effect. Deep square pockets, edged with fringe and fastened on by means of bows and loops of ribbon, were placed on each side, not squarely, but slantingly. The cuirass basque was of blue silk, with a deep vest or plastron of the gray plaided silk. A similar plastron was placed behind, in the centre of the basque. The upper portion of the sleeves were of the plaided silk, the under part being of the blue. A knife pleating of the blue turned back from the wrist, and a similar one fell over the hand. A band and bow of the gray plaided silk covered the joining of the two. Hat of gray chip, trimmed with blue scarf and gray wing. A white crushed rose and two half-blown buds were placed in front of the bandeau which crossed the forehead. Round standing collar of blue, piped with the gray plaid, completed the neck of the basque.

A dress of black silk and black and white checked grenadine had the lower skirt trimmed with two knife pleated flounces, headed by a shirring of the checked grenadine. The overskirt of grenadine was deep and rounded, edged with a broad fold of black silk; a similar fold was placed half way up the skirt to similate a double apron. The overdress was drawn up at the sides and towards the back, where a succession of loops of black silk formed a bouffant. Cuirass basque of the black and white check, with a vest from throat to hem of black silk bordered with a quilling or fine pleating of black silk. Sleeves of the check upon the upper side, and of the black upon the under side. Deep square cuff of the check, bordered with a fold of the black silk, while a knife pleating of the latter fell over the hand.

We have seen some very pretty styles for hats in a recent importation from Paris. Nothing strikingly different from those which prevail here, but a few pretty modifications which it may be well to note. French taste is daring, and to prove the verity of our comment we will describe a hat—one of those recently brought over. It was of a shape much in vogue among imported hats last winter—flared up in front, without having the revers put on—the sides narrow and bent down as was also the back. It was lined with the palest shade of gray serge silk; had a bandeau of cardinal red silk in front, with two double white Marguerites a little to the left. The outside was covered with a puffing of fine black crape and trimmed with a half garland of white Marguerites and scarlet poppies. And yet it was a strikingly stylish hat.

Another, of white chip, was lined with a pale shade of the blue known as robin's egg tint, bound with violet velvet, and trimmed with alternate loops of the silk and velvet at the back, while a scarf of the silk encircled the crown. The flowers were purple wood violets and the trailing arbutus in the natural twist.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The hair is worn very high at the back, with drooping curls or braids falling on the nape of the neck; the front simply parted, drawn back and waved, by Parisian belles.

Quaint sleeve-buttons of ivory, adorned with grotesque Chinese heads and figures, are among the novelties.

Scarf veils of dark bluish-green grenadine, drawn tightly over the face and brought loosely around the throat, are fashionable.

Dresses of dark blue batiste, edged with pleatings of fine gray linen, are considered stylish.

The fancy for French jewelry is being revived; some very pretty new designs are shown.

White silk for brides is giving place to delicate tints, such as pearl gray, flesh color, very pale salmon, etc.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

MAMIE L.—It is quite proper for you to wear your long beautiful hair floating loosely in the morning in the country. It will promote the growth.

MRS. L. K.—Received your letter too late to answer by last Boudoir. To question No. 1 we say: Yes, by all means; and make the silk by any of the pretty designs given from time to time in our department. To No. 2: We can furnish any pattern you may desire, and upon very reasonable terms. To No. 3: Your little boy of seven is not too old for kilt suits, especially as you say he is a delicate-looking, undersized child. Get a black chip, and trim with white serge silk and tea roses and buds. NIXON.

A WARM CORNER IN AFRICA.

BY F. S. MILLS.

The Mooi dropped anchor in Dugels Roads early in the evening, and shortly afterwards what wind there had been died away, and there was not a breath to stir the sultry air. The smooth unbroken waves were enormous; one seemed to be in the centre of a chain of hills seething in earthquake, when standing, or rather seeking to stand, on the deck. For the Mooi rolled till she dipped her yard-arms, and there was no foothold at such an angle for any creature without suckers. You had to hold on tightly by shrouds or bulwark to prevent sliding across from starboard to port, or port to starboard. It was like being in a swing which is conscientiously impelled; or on a really good see-saw, with a long plank, and the fulcrum some height above the ground. From the coast there was borne to the ear a continuous muffled roar, and if you looked for the cause of it, you saw that a line of white vapor veiled the woods and hills in that direction. The roar was the voice of the surf, and the mist hung over the bar.

After gazing in this direction for about an hour, I caught a glimpse of something long and dark between two liquid mountains, which hid it in a moment. Again it reappeared, seemingly nearer, and vanished. Could it be a sea-serpent? There it was again, certainly approaching, and soon I distinguished a canoe with two Hottentots in it.

In half an hour they were alongside.

"Is Massa Potts on board?"

My name being Potts, I said so.

"All right," replied the blackie, "Massa Thompson send us. You come shore slap bang; marchie morrow morning; jine Massa Thompson at Jigajig in two days. This is best things."

What! I was to go ashore in that canoe? If I said that I liked the idea of it I should be a boaster. I was, fortunately, in light marching order, my luggage being up-country, with Thompson and the wagons. Saddle-bags, stout and capacious certainly, a bundle consisting of a waterproof sheet and blankets, a little bag containing ammunition, and a double-barrelled rifle comprised my whole kit.

How these things were transferred to the canoe is a great mystery to me; how I ever followed them myself is a greater. I only know that I was a passive instrument, and can take no more credit for the performance than is due to the rest of the baggage. The tiny craft would appear close to the ship's side for one short moment; the next, a broad green valley lay between. However, I was deposited somehow, and sat with my rifle between my knees, seriously impressed with the probability of being pegged and worried to death presently by sharks.

But the ease and dexterity with which my Hottentots wielded their paddles soon gave me confidence, and by the time we reached the bar I positively hoped to survive the passage of it. Yet the attempt certainly looked, to an unaccustomed eye, like deliberate suicide. The rush of water formed a series of rapids trying enough to shoot, had the water flowed smoothly up the edge; but here, with gigantic waves bursting, rolling, boiling over the shallows, the nerves were thoroughly tested.

Happily the ordeal did not last long, for the canoe soon glided into smooth water, and I found myself under shelter, and in the mouth of the river.

The hut where the horses sent for me had been left, under the charge of a third Hottentot, was some ten miles up-stream; but the current was sluggish, and we made good progress against it.

The Arab merchant, at whose abode the horses had been left, certainly sustained the reputation for hospitality, but I only had the advantage of it for a few hours. At daybreak the Tots brought my horse, and we plunged into the forest.

At last then the aspiration of my boyhood was realized; my dream had come to fruition. I had always felt that yearning for woods which some other lads have for the sea; and, fond as I was of boating, cricket and football, I would steal away from my schoolfellows to pore over a volume of Fenimore Cooper, or the "Life of Robin Hood," or any other story of forest life.

What a wonderland it was! It seemed difficult to believe that the rich luxuriance of vegetation was due to unassisted nature, so great a variety appeared to indicate artificial collection from many lands. There were toddy palms, with long graceful leaves and rich clusters of fruit; wide-spreading tamarinds, every tree a study for an artist; the seringa; the tambootie; a sort of mahogany; groves of sandal-wood trees, filling the air with perfume.

On first starting I made inquiries concerning provisions. Blossom showed me a small bag of biscuit and some salt; and seeing, I suppose, that I did not look satisfied, he pointed to my rifle and said:

"Plenty of beast; massa shoot'um dinner."

I knew, of course, when I agreed to join Thompson in his expedition, that we should depend upon the game we shot; yet when the fact came before me in this very practical manner, I certainly felt a trifle nervous. For the sustenance of three men besides my own to depend upon my woodcraft and accuracy of aim, seemed a serious test for a comparative tyro. But several small antelopes flitted across our path, or brushed through the bushes to right and left, in the course of the first hour's march, and gave me confidence; for though they afforded me no fair shot as I rode along, I did not doubt that, if I dismounted and went stealthily to work, I should be easily able to stalk one. At all events, when we came to our first day's halting-place, I lost no time about trying. My third Tot, Millyflor (probably a corruption of Millefleurs, a name given him on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle), was left to light a fire, take charge of the horses, gather vegetables and fruit, and make any other arrangements conducive to comfort which might occur to him, while Jeremiah and Blossom plunged with me into the bush.

At the end of about an hour matters assumed a serious aspect, for dinner depended on my getting a shot at something. So I halted, and turned to consult with my companions.

"Something drive away the buck. S'pose we wait a little here and see; this good place," said Blossom, in an undertone.

We were stationed at the edge of a little open space; in front there was a group of large timber-trees, beneath which stretched a glade where any object could have been distinguished for forty or fifty yards, an unusually advantageous range for observation. To the right and left the underwood was thicker than the average. For at least ten minutes I watched this glade, with both hammers cocked, and my forefinger along the trigger-guard. Not a leaf stirred; all was dead silence, save for the occasional cry of a bird or chatter of a monkey. At least that was all my duller sense could catch, but the Hottentots perceived something, for with a low "Hist!" they crouched down so as to conceal themselves amongst the brushwood, and motioned me to do the same.

Presently the sounds which had caught their ears reached mine also: first a slight distant crackling and tearing on my left front, as of some creature forcing its way through the brushwood, then these sounds approached, extended, till it seemed as if whole herds must be rushing towards me. Then I saw the bushes wave, and something brown dash across the glade thirty or forty yards in front, and disappear. Again and again this was repeated; here—there—before—behind, the game tore past, but without affording me a fair mark, and as for taking a snap-shot at an animal going at a racing pace, and only partially visible for a fraction of a second among the trees, that is all very well in woodcock shooting, where a single corn brings down the quarry; but when your weapon is a rifle, and your game must be struck in a vital part—when an ineffective shot will spoil your chances, and four men's dinners depend upon your success—it is obviously such very bad policy that even I, excited greenhorn as I was, held my hand.

At that moment I perceived something else coming out from the glade, and I was about to empty my second barrel at a venture, when Blossom called out:

"No fire; let'um go!"

I lowered my rifle, and looked; the animal came more into the open, affording an excellent shot. It was a lion!

I understood the meaning of Blossom's caution; with only one barrel loaded, and on foot in the bush, to draw the attack of a lion by a shot which, even if mortal eventually, might probably not disable him, would be rash. Yet how I had longed for such a moment as this, when I should have the monarch of beasts within range of my rifle! The temptation was wellnigh irresistible, and the but stole again to my shoulder. But fortunately, before I fired, I perceived that he was not alone; a second lion, then a third, followed close on his tracks.

Blossom and Jeremiah disemboweled an antelope, slung him on a pole, and carried him to the spot where we had left Millyflor and the horses, I following in the rear, with a wary eye to the left and right, expecting to see savage yellow eyes glaring through the bush.

But we reached our bivouac fire unmolested, and Millyflor cooked a venison steak, which I thought delicious. Then a sup from my flask, and a pipe, and I lay down to rest, thoroughly tired and thankful for a merciful deliverance.

THE ILLUSTRATED LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

Our bouquet this week is one expressing condolence and sympathy.

The first flower in the group, the Hawthorn, otherwise called the White Thorn—emblem of hope—is common on our hedges, where its beauty and fragrance much enhance the charm of our rural landscapes. From its blooming in May, it has received the name of that month, by which it is generally known.

In the May-day diversions of the olden time, the Hawthorn was one of the principal flowers employed. "Going-a-Maying" was an institution thoroughly national.

May-day was a universal holiday, when high and low, old and young, went forth into the sweet woods and meadows to hear the joyous song of the birds, and inhale the fragrance of early summer flowers.

It was the custom in rural districts for the lads and lasses to arise long before the dawn, and proceed, accompanied by a band of rustic minstrelsy, into the woods to gather branches. These they would adorn with nosegays, wreaths and chaplets, and returning about sunrise, they decorated the windows and portals of their houses with these floral embellishments.

The Elizabethan poet, Herrick, thus describes the custom—

"Each porch, each door, ere this
An ark, a tabernacle is;
Made up of Whitethorn, neatly interwove,
As if here were those cooler shades of love."

Then came the dance round the Maypole; and all sorts of rural sports and festivities took up the day.

A Maypole, permanently fixed, was attached to every town and village in England, and on the first of May it was always gaily decorated with garlands and festoons; the most adventurous youth climbing to the top of the Maypole, and crowning it with flowers—

"To fetche the flowers freshe, and branch and bloome,
And namely Haw-thorne brought both page and groome;
With freshe garlandes, partly blew and white,
And then rejoyson in their greate delite."
—*Chaucer.*

It seems a pity that all these good old customs of "Merrie England" are no longer in fashion.

But we have fallen upon artificial times, little in accordance with the usages of the past.

Among the Greeks the Hawthorn was an emblem of conjugal union, and was used at the marriage festivities, when boughs of it, covered with blossoms, as well as torches made of its wood, were carried by those accompanying the bride and bridegroom.

With the Turks—those skilled adepts in the language of flowers—a lover, by presenting a branch of the Hawthorn to the object of his affection is understood to desire a kiss in return.

The Red Poppy is the emblem of consolation; the White variety being symbolical of slumber. From these plants are extracted opium and other medicinal drugs, which have the power of easing pain and inducing sleep.

It is to the latter sort that Shakspeare alludes in the lines—

"Not Poppy nor Mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou had'st yesterday!"

The ancients, who considered the god of sleep as the healer of woes, and the great consoler of the world (which is in one sense true, as when asleep we are relieved from pain), dedicated the Wild Poppy to that divinity.

His palace is described as a dark cave, into which the rays of the sun never penetrated, and with Poppies growing at the entrance.

In the same way Thompson pictures this flower as growing in the garden attached to the Castle of Indolence—

"And flowery beds that slumberous influence
beat,
From Poppies breathed."

It is the custom in Switzerland for the peasantesses to make the Poppy serve the same purpose as the rose in the great question, "He loves me; he loves me not."

They place in the palm of the left hand a petal of the Poppy, and then strike it with the other hand.

If it breaks with a sharp snap, it is a sign that the lover is true, but if it is silent, it shows that he is false to his troth.

The Harebell signifies submission or grief.

It is a wild flower, one of the most common, but also of the most beautiful. It grows plentifully in woods; and two or three different species are cultivated in our gardens. That it flourishes also in Scotland is evidenced by Sir Walter Scott, who, in describing the gentle footstep of the Lady of the Lake, says:

"E'en the slight Harebell raised its head
Elastic, from her airy tread."

This pretty flower ought to be held in high consideration by all true Britons, inasmuch as it was honored by being dedicated to St. George the Martyr, patron saint of England, whose anniversary is the 23d of April. Appended are several appropriate replies to the sentence in the illustration.

"I feel your kindness" (flax). "I thank you for your message of pity" (agrimony, iris and clotbur). "I am grateful for your true friendship" (small white bell-flower and oak-leaved geranium). "Your presence softens my pain" (milk-vetch).

To express a sense of consolation or fortitude in affliction these will serve:

"Time will calm my grief" (white poplar, buck-bean and marigold.) "Cheerfulness under adversity" (Chinese chrysanthemum). "Hope in adversity" (spruce pine). "Return of happiness" (lily of the valley). "Relief or cure" (balm of Gilead). "Submission" (grass or harebell).

Watering Place Items.

THE Jewish Messenger suggests a synagogue for Long Branch.

SUMMER hotels are increasing on the north side of Long Island.

MORE New Yorkers going to the New England resorts than ever.

STUDYING the outlines of Cape Cod from the piazza of the Mansion House, and fishing for tautag and bluefish, is the height of happiness at Buzzard's Bay.

PLENTY of fun for the observing railroad travelers, just now—the season for kissing in the tunnels has begun, and bridal couples take advantage of the opportunities.

THE route to the White Mountains by boat to New Haven, and thence by rail through the lovely scenery of the Connecticut Valley and amid the wild beauties of Lake Memphremagog, is the favorite one this season.

THE Niagara hotels are doing well, and it is a consolation to know that under the new regulations guests will be protected from the impositions of the hackman this season. Any Jehu charging exhorbitant rates of fare will be arrested at once.

THE Summer Capital is now more than ever an appropriate title for Long Branch. Not only is the head of the nation there, but the Governor of the State of New York, Hon. Samuel J. Tilden, has selected it for his summer resting-place.

THE Sunday trips to Newburgh and West Point are the fashionable things nowadays. What with a chime of bells and music on the Plymouth Rock, the London Madrigal boys as songsters, and "Admiral" Tooker as the guardian of the passengers, physically and morally, by day-light on the Hudson is a pleasant way of seeing the beauties of Irving's grand old storied river.

Correspondents' Bureau

☞ All communications should be addressed to WALKER, REED & CO., Proprietors SATURDAY EVENING POST, No. 726 SANSOM Street, Philadelphia.

☞ This Department will be found an attractive feature to all our readers. In addition to important and particular information for Subscribers, Contributors, and others, it will contain many novel, instructive and entertaining topics, fully discussed in answer to the numerous Notes and Queries contained in our general correspondence.

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Authors and others will take notice that, by rules of the P. O. Department, Manuscripts intended for publication in periodicals are subject to letter rates. Rejected MSS. will not be returned, unless by special request, with sufficient stamps enclosed to prepay postage.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—Almost Lost. The Hasty Marriage. A Brother's Revenge. "You Forget." Nil Desperandum. Inconstancy. A Tale of Circumstantial Evidence.

CORRESPONDENTS' NOTES AND QUERIES.

CARD PLAYER.—In playing a four-handed game of Euchre, you can only either "assist" your partner, or "go it alone;" there is no such thing as "ordering up" your partner in the game of Euchre.

NOTICE TO OUR READERS.—To any one who can send us the number of *The Peoples Monthly*, for November, 1872, we will send the POST for six months, or if he is already a subscriber, will extend his subscription for six months longer.

W. G. H. (Brooklyn.)—In Scotland, Guernsey, Jersey and France, juries decide by a majority; in France, since 1831, a majority of two-thirds is required. In every other country, unless a jury is unanimous, no verdict can be given.

SOPRANO.—When the voice is lost, as is your case, from the effects of cold, a simple, pleasant remedy is furnished by beating up the white of one egg, adding to it the juice of one lemon, and sweetening it with white sugar to taste. Take a teaspoonful from time to time.

JOHN.—We do not remember the query ever being put to us as to the meaning of the initials "O. N. T." on a spool of Clarke's cotton, and of our replying that we did not know. But as you say you saw it, we are much obliged to you for the information that the initials stand for the words "Our New Thread."

T. W. (Camden.)—Blackness under the eyes arises in many cases from insufficiency of oxygen in the blood. Out-door physical exercise is the proper remedy. Excesses of all kinds depress the natural vigor of youth, and pale faces and blackness under the eyes are the signs. Insufficiency of sleep is very apt to produce this.

AMY L. complains that her lover, who is exceedingly attentive, and all that he should be in private, conceals his affection in company, and shows more attention to other young ladies than he does to her. Well, love is for private, not for public. What is the use of company, if you devote yourself exclusively to one person? Perhaps, however, Amy's lover carries this a little too far, though the principle is right in the main.

DAISY.—The very best way of preserving furs during summer from moths is to brush them the right way with a soft brush, and to fold an old linen handkerchief smoothly over them, putting a piece of gum camphor in the box with them all the time. A newspaper outside the handkerchief is also very good, as no moths will get through the paper. Fasten the ends with mucilage, so as to make it perfectly tight and closed.

W. B. (Bryn Mawr.)—To clean marble of stains, pound very softly a quarter of a pound of whitening and a small quantity of stone blue; dissolve in a little water an ounce of soda, and mix the above ingredients very carefully together with a quarter of a pound of soft soap. Put the whole in an earthen pipkin, and boil it for a quarter of an hour on a slow fire, carefully stirring it; then, when quite hot, lay it with a brush on the marble, and let it remain for half an hour; wash it off with warm water, flannel and scrubbing brush, and wipe it dry.

MILLIE M. is quite concerned about being asked to be a bridesmaid for the third time; she does not like it, as she has been told that any one who officiates in that capacity for the third time will never be promoted to the rank of bride! Millie should think a little more of herself, and abandon the very bad habit she has of writing the personal pronoun *I* with a small i, instead of with a capital. We should not wonder if that is the reason why she is still unmarried. She writes "i dare say," instead of "I dare say," and we believe that there are few men who would marry any woman who called herself "i."

J. H. S. (Mazeppa.)—The present Emperor of Russia is Alexander II, the eldest son of Emperor Nicholas I, who died on 18th of February, 1855. 2. A hand stamp of the size you mention would cost you probably about $5, but we could tell better if we knew what you wanted it for. 3. Any common school grammar would answer the purpose, if you would apply yourself with a firm resolve to improve. 4. We thank you for all your criticism and good advice, as also for the friendly spirit which prompted them. You need never be afraid of our getting mad, for, though we say it ourselves, we are blessed with the sweetest of tempers, and nothing ever puts us out or ruffles us in the slightest.

INQUISITIVE.—The Great Pyramid of Egypt is the largest building ever erected by man. What its uses were no one has ever discovered for certain, though there are many theories and conjectures; and whence the granite for building it came, is not known, as none is nearer than Mount Sinai. It is perfectly symmetrical, 732 feet on each side. It was made plain to the meridian, without hieroglyphics or secret inscriptions, as all burial places of antiquity did have which are found everywhere else. The structure is on the most correct principles of geometry. It coincides in pointing with the North Star, or that star which, in the procession of the equinoxes, four thousand years ago, was the North Star.

UNHAPPY.—The great secret in married life is to learn to bear with each other's failings; not to be blind to them—that is either an impossibility or a folly—we must see and feel them; if we do neither, then they are not evil to us, and there is obviously no need of forbearance; but to throw the mantle of affection round them, concealing them from each other's eyes; to resolve to cultivate good-tempered forbearance because it is the only way of mitigating present evil, with a view of ultimate amendment. This forbearance which we recommend is not a weak and wicked indulgence of each other's faults, but such a calm, tender observance of them as excludes all harshness and anger, and takes the best and gentlest means of pointing them out in the full confidence of affection.

E. K. D.—"Can you tell us who built the first printing-press? No one in our office seems to know, and some of our boys think they know a good deal too." This is a question about which there is considerable doubt and conjecture, but from the most authentic records existing we believe there is little doubt but that John Guttenberg was the first, who constructed and used a printing-press somewhere about 1436, though there is not much known about his press. William Caxton erected the first printing-press in England in 1471, in the Almonry to the west of the Sanctuary in Westminster Abbey. The first book ever printed in England Caxton there printed, called "The Game and Play of Chess." In 1601 this press was greatly improved by William Blaeu, at Amsterdam, and the Blaeu press came into general use all over Holland and England.

LILLIE VERNER.—Being engaged to one "nice young man," whom you love dearly, you have no right to correspond with another whom you love only as a "brother," and who in return says he loves you as a "sister." The fact of his being also engaged to somebody else, does not make it in the least any the more proper, and certainly does not warrant any such familiarity as kissing one another when you meet and part. We are not at all surprised at your betrothed not liking this kind of brotherly and sisterly affection, which can only subsist in these days between near relations. Your duty is to do nothing which can in any way hurt the feelings of the man to whom you are engaged, and we should advise you to cease the correspondence at once, and to treat the gentleman, when you meet, without any such demonstrative marks of sisterly affection as you have been hitherto in the habit of according him.

A MOTHER.—We do not see why a child's fancy in the way of food—we refer to what you allude, its intense dislike of some things—should not be regarded, as well as the repugnance of a grown up person. We consider it a great piece of cruelty to force a child to eat things that are repulsive to it, just because somebody or other once wrote a wise saw to the effect that "Children should eat whatever is set before them." Whenever there is any decided antipathy to any particular article, nature should be respected, even in the case of the smallest child.

MARY R.—You have quite misunderstood us, for women are as much entitled as men to express their love, only each sex has its own way—men with words, and women by their manners. The one is quite as expressive as the other; and in either case the more delicately expressed the better. A woman who does not show her attachment in manner cannot expect to be loved. It is a foolish, as well as a hypocritical practice that of some persons, of pretending to be indifferent to what they legitimately love. We ought, of course, to conceal any excess of affection because it is a weakness, but a preference is a legitimate feeling, which may be always modestly expressed.

JAS. K. GRIGGS.—The profession of civil engineering is one of the most honorable and important of all the professions. 2. Until within the last two years there has been plenty of work for all who were qualified to do well the higher grades of work in the profession. The panic has of course interrupted railroad building and real estate enterprise, and in consequence thrown many persons out of work; but as business revives, they will have abundance of employment. 3. The special studies necessary to prepare oneself to be a civil engineer are as follows: Trigonometry perfectly, so as to be a thorough surveyor, able to construct maps; a knowledge of the higher mathematics, mathematical astronomy, geodesy, so necessary in taking into account the curvatures of the earth. The various text books studied in the courses of civil engineering are laid down in the catalogues of our scientific schools. A note to the Dean of the Faculty of any one of them, as for instance the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute at Troy, New York, or the Columbia College, New York City, would be answered by a catalogue, from which you could learn all about books. These you can procure, or we can for you if you desire it, and study by yourself, though attendance on some engineering college would be better.

G. F. C. (Pittsburgh).—"Can you describe to me the Heliotype process of engraving?" Ordinary gelatine is dissolved in warm water, and a sufficient quantity of bichromate of potash is added to render it sensative to light, and of alum to make it very hard and durable. This solution is poured on a level plate, previously rubbed over with wax, and is dried by means of heat. As soon as dry, or when required for use, the sheet of gelatine is stripped from the plate, and printed under a photographic negative. When the picture appears sufficiently plain, the sheet of gelatine is taken from under the negative and by atmospheric pressure made to adhere to a metal plate. The sheet of gelatine and the metal plate are put together under water; as much of the water as possible is got rid of from between the two surfaces, the gelatine absorbs the remainder, so that a vacuum is created, and the picture is thus attached to the plate by the pressure of the atmosphere. The superfluous chemicals are soaked out with water, and the plate with the printing surface of gelatine attached is placed on an ordinary platen printing press, and inked up with ordinary ink. In printing it is necessary occasionally to dampen the plate with water. A mask of paper is used to secure white margins for the prints; the impression is then pulled, and is ready for issue.

HARD TIMES (Philadelphia).—We had determined upon not giving any more information regarding old coins, having already said so much on the subject, but as you beg so hard, and are such an old friend of the POST, we cannot refuse doing so just once more, but this will be the last. The following is condensed and will be found to give much valuable information as to the rarity of old coins: Dollars of 1804, but three known. Dollars of 1794, very scarce. The rest can be procured at a small premium, if at all rubbed or indented. No dollars were coined from 1805 to 1835. Half-dollars of 1804 but one known; of 1797, very rare. None coined from 1798 to 1800, or 1816. Quarter dollars of 1823 and 1827 very rare. Coined irregularly till 1831. Dimes, very rare for the four following years, varied in the order of their rarity: 1804, 1797, 1802, 1803. Coined yearly from 1828. Half dimes of 1802 but three known. Of 1794 and 1803 very scarce. None coined from 1806 to 1828. Three-cent pieces of 1855 very scarce. Cents of 1793, 1799 and 1804 very rare. Coined yearly from 1793 except in 1815. Half-cents of 1796 rare. Not coined in a regular series. But few of the gold pieces are very rare. The quarter eagle of 1797 is the most valuable. We must here repeat that we do not know, nor could we give even if we did, the address of any dealers in old coins.

AN OLD FRIEND OF THE POST.—"I have seen several explanations given of the origin of the phrase 'By hook or by crook,' but none that satisfied me. So I thought I would write and ask you to tell me in this column, which I always read the first of any in the paper." The origin of this phrase is as follows: The destruction caused by the fire of London, in 1666, during which 12 200 houses, etc., were burned down, in very many cases obliterated all the boundary-marks requisite to determine the extent of land, and even the very site occupied by buildings previously to this terrible visitation. When the rubbish was removed and the land cleared, the disputes and entangled claims of those whose houses had been destroyed, both as to the position and extent of their property, promised not only interminable occupation to the courts of law, but made the far more serious evil of delaying the rebuilding of the city until these disputes were settled, inevitable. Impelled by the necessity of coming to a more speedy settlement of their respective claims than could be hoped for by legal process, it was determined that the claims and interests of all persons concerned should be referred to the judgment and decision of two of the most experienced land-surveyors of that day—men who had been thoroughly acquainted with London previously to the fire; and, in order to escape from the numerous and vast evils which more delay must occasion, that the decision of these two arbitrators should be final and binding. The surveyors appointed to determine the rights of the various claimants were Mr. Hook and Mr. Crook, who, by the justice of their decisions, gave general satisfaction to the interested parties, and by their speedy determination of the different claims, permitted the rebuilding of the city to proceed without the least delay. Hence arose the saying above quoted, usually applied to the extrication of persons or things from a difficulty.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER.—You ask us to give you "a list of the various translations of the Bible into English, also the time, manner, and authorship of each translation," as you cannot readily get the information where you are at present residing. It gives us much pleasure to make out the following table, which we think will be of interest not only to you, but to many others amongst our readers, who may wish to cut it out and preserve it:

Date. A. D. Translation.
706.—Adhelm, Saxon Psalmist.
721.—Egbert's Four Gospels.
734.—Bede's St. John's Gospels.
880.—Alfred's Version of the Psalms.
1340.—Rolle' (or Hampole's) Psalms.
1380.—Wycklide's Bible.
1526.—Tyndale's Jonah.
1531.—C. Jove's Isaiah.
1535.—Coverdale's Bible.
1534.—Coverdale's Jeremiah, Psalms, Songs of Moses.
1538.—Cranmer's Great Bible.
1535.—Traveper's Bible.
1537.—Mathew's (i. e., J. Rogers's) Bible
1560.—Geneva Bible.
1560.—Bishop's Bible.
1582.—Rheim's New Testament, Roman Catholic translation.
1600.—Douay Bible, Roman Catholic translation.
1611.—King James's version.

In speaking of the different translations of the Bible, such expressions are frequently used as would leave those unacquainted with the fact to suppose that they formed so many independent works; but there is, in fact, only one version of the English Bible in print, altered and improved by different hands, and which has received the subsequent amendments of many learned men; yet, from the first to the last, there has been but one substantive translation. If you compare the earliest with the latest, you will find a diversity indeed of words, but such a similarity of expression as cannot be accidental.

MISCELLANEOUS.—FRANK (Lawisburg).—There is no way whatever that we know of for preventing it. 2. It indicates just nothing at all. STUDENT.—There is much latitude allowed in the pronunciation of all dead languages, and no two pronounce them alike. A. L. N.—Turned of twenty, and no proposal yet! Never mind, there is plenty of time yet. J. H. F.—You must first be naturalized. HARRY P.—It all depends upon previous habits; what is wealth to one man is beggary to another. L. E. F.—To prevent the face from becoming flushed in the evening, bathe it with warm water about half an hour before the flushing usually comes on. BELLA.—You seem to have plenty of will, if you would only turn it to good account. We can only advise you to do your duty. A. F. M.—Treat the present quarrel as a summer cloud which will soon pass away. ROSE.—All depends upon the quantity taken, and the season of the year; but meat three times a day in the hot weather is not good for any one. S. W. (Germantown.)—There is no impropriety in doing so, but you had better let him make one first. T. J. C.—Be quite sure of the fact, then tell him he must give up one or the other. J. MARTIN.—To mend your meerschaum pipe, mix together equal parts of carbonate of magnesia and good plaster of Paris, and add enough water to make it into a paste.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*